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The Week

THE task of the moderates on both sides of the British general strike was from the beginning to find a means of getting together which would not look like abject surrender for their respective parties and yet could be achieved promptly enough so that the struggle would not degenerate into bitter feeling and violence. News that Sir Herbert Samuel of the Coal Commission and Sir Alfred Mond, who has large mining interests, have been carrying on conversations respectively with the miners' union and the coal owners, is therefore of prime importance. If by means of mediation these two parties can reach a common understanding on what is to be done with the coal industry, and if Premier Baldwin can give positive assurance that his government will support the necessary legislation, a way out will have been found. The aim of the trades-unions will have been achieved and the general strike can be called off. Mr. Baldwin will not have been required to back down by resuming negotiations with the Trades Union Congress before the general strike is called off. The government will have won, and labor will have won. The only losers would be the die-hards in the Cabinet and the extremists in the labor movement who want a fight to the finish and the complete dictatorship of one side or the other. If this particular attempt at a solution is not successful, we have confidence that some other will be unceasingly sought. The only eventuality leading to disaster would be complete obduracy and dominance of the big coal owners and the Conservative die-hards, which would lead, of course, either to the collapse of labor or to the supremacy of revolutionists in its ranks.

IF, as the government spokesmen never tire of asserting, the general strike is a challenge to the constitution and parliamentary democracy, the question arises whether that challenge is not deserved, and whether the credit of democracy under capitalism will be completely upheld merely by the defeat of the strike. This question depends on the ability of Parliament to solve the grave industrial problems that led to the trouble. In spite of repeated analyses private and public, in spite of the reports of two Royal Commissions, Parliament has done nothing to force reorganization of the coal industry. If the general strike had not been called and the miners had accepted the reductions in wages according to the notices posted, there would have been no assurance that the industry would be reorganized. Here was a fundamental and egregious failure of political democracy. That failure will certainly not be remedied merely by the defeat of labor. If, on the other hand, labor has succeeded in putting enough pressure on the government to produce an assurance of coal reorganization, its challenge will have moved a dilatory Parliament to remedy its own fault. This aspect of the matter does not seem to occur to those who take constitutional pretensions at their face value and stress their defense above all else.

WINSTON CHURCHILL and the more belligerent members of the Cabinet have been making a ridiculous and sorry show of themselves all the

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way through. The unauthorized and provocative announcement in the "official" British Gazette—which is really the Morning Post under Mr. Churchill's editorship—that the strike had entered a "new phase" and that extreme measures were about to be taken was calculated to do as much damage as possible. It is significant that the London Times did not publish this statement. Continued stress on the government's great victory in keeping food and other essential services running is absurd in view of the fact that the Trades Union Congress not only did not attempt to interrupt such services but proffered its aid to the government in maintaining them—an offer unacknowledged. In these circumstances the victory simmers down to a demonstration that government forces and volunteers can provide daily necessities for the strikers, as well as for the rest of the population, without the aid of the usual corps of workers, but undoubtedly at much greater expense to itself. Mr. Churchill's failure to publish the Archbishop of Canterbury's plea for a compromise settlement, and his subsequent explanation when challenged on the subject in the House of Commons, that the Gazette with its limited space cannot print all the news, ought to be enough to ruin forever any reputation he may have as an editor, to say nothing of his honor as a responsible statesman.

THE airplane flight to the North Pole by Lieutenant-Commander Richard Byrd is a magnificent achievement. As an epic story of sheer daring it quickens the heart, and deserves to be remembered longer than it probably will. For such achievements come so thick and fast nowadays that probably five out of seven people cannot now tell you who first successfully flew across the Atlantic. The acclamation which will justly go to this young American naval officer should not, however, cause anyone to leap to false conclusions about the practicability of flying in the Arctic. Despite all the precautions, Commander Byrd took a most desperate chance, as is evidenced by the experience of the Ellsworth-Amundsen expedition last year. Using an airplane in the frozen north is just about as healthy as giving osteopathic treatment to a full grown tiger; and despite anything that man can do it will probably continue thus perilous for a long time to come.

FOR the first time, the name of former Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty has been mentioned in a serious legal proceeding arising from the activities of the Ohio Gang during the days of the Harding régime. Mr. Daugherty is one of the three persons indicted by a federal grand jury in New York City in connection with the American Metal Company case, recently described at length in the columns of the New Republic. The charge is conspiracy to "defraud the United States of its governmental functions and rights, and the honest, impartial and unprejudiced services and judgment" of Mr. Daugherty and of Thomas W. Miller, former Alien Property Custodian. Mr. Miller is the second of the men indicted and John T. King, one-time Republican National Committeeman from Connecticut is the third. As our readers will recall, the charge is made that $441,000 was spent in bribes to secure the return of the American Metal Company to its German owners, the pretext being that it had been sold to a Swiss corporation before America entered the War and should, therefore, never have been sequestrated at all.

MR. DAUGHERTY now has the chance to earn in open court that vindication of his personal character for which he has been pleading so loudly. It is true that he refused to testify in his own behalf before the Senate Committee. It is also true that his brother, Mal Daugherty, defied the power of that Committee to compel testimony and has fought the case through to the Supreme Court. It is further true that the former Attorney General burned all the records of his brother's bank which might throw any light on his personal affairs or those of any other individuals involved. It is likewise true that when called before the federal grand jury as a witness, before he had been indicted, Mr. Daugherty refused to testify on the ground that having been Attorney General as well as personal attorney for President Harding and his wife, to answer questions might tend to incriminate or degrade him. All these evasions were, however, it may be assumed because Mr. Daugherty felt the time was not ripe. Well, the time is ripe now—or it never will be.

EVEN more interesting than Mr. Daugherty's action, on the whole, will be the attitude of the Coolidge administration toward the case, which thus far has been worked up only by the office of a Federal District Attorney, Emory Buckner. It has been the official theory of Mr. Coolidge and his friends that the present administration has completely disassociated itself from the scandals of the Harding régime. It is noticeable, however, that there has never come from any important Republican quarter an admission that the Harding administration was corrupt, much less any promise of reformation. On the contrary the official policy, faithfully reflected in most of the leading newspapers of the country, has been one which minimized the scandals and sought to discredit reports of them in every possible way. Mr. Daugherty himself remained in the Cabinet long after it was clear that his office had become a hot-bed of venality. The disgraceful persecution of Senator Wheeler which was begun in order to halt the investigation of the Department of Justice and was continued in the effort to discredit its results only came to an end a few weeks ago when the government was forced to the shame-faced admission that it had no case. Of the prose-

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cution of the oil lease cases the best that can be said is that it has been extraordinarily slow. Meanwhile, the Republican organization adopts, tacitly if not explicitly, the idiotic theory put forward by Mr. George B. Lockwood of the National Republican and Mr. Fred Marvin of the New York Commercial that there never were any scandals: that the whole agitation was cooked up by the Soviet government in Russia. In short, the Coolidge administration has never moved an inch nearer to a thorough house-cleaning than it was compelled to do. It will be worth while to watch its attitude toward the American Metal Company case and see whether it has actually undergone any change.

PARTICULARLY humiliating and disgraceful has been the behavior of a great many American newspapers in reporting the news of the British strike. In Great Britain the government, the strike leaders and the public have all coöperated to avoid violence in word and deed and to keep alive the spirit of negotiation and adjustment. Yet most of the American newspapers have consistently treated the strike as equivalent to a revolutionary convulsion and played up every symptom of disorder. So glaring has been this effort to pervert the facts that the British government itself has considered it necessary to warn the American people about the way in which their newspapers have misinformed them. Of course, the tabloid papers have been the worst offenders in this respect. They have not given any information at all about the strike but news and faked pictures of riots and military retaliation which did not exist. Some of the metropolitan papers, such as the New York Times, the Sun, the World and the Philadelphia Ledger have spent huge sums on their English cables about the strike and have in this respect served their public well, but even papers of this class in their headlines have too often emphasized not the moderation and order of both parties to the British conflict, but the background of apprehension, danger and possible convulsion.

THE resumption of hostilities between France and the Riffi is bad news—bad for the Riffi, for France, for northern Africa and for the future of European colonies in Africa and Asia. The negotiations broke down because the Riffi insisted on a more substantial measure of autonomy than the French government was willing to grant. Presumably the French would have yielded, had they not expected to be able to overcome the resistance of the native tribes. They must have calculated that a semi-independent Riffian state would encourage agitation for Arabian national independence in Algeria and Tunis and they considered it necessary at whatever cost to reduce the Riffi to obedience. They can doubtless extinguish military resistance for the time being, but it is becoming more and more doubtful how effectively they can continue to assert their authority. It seems absurd for a nation like France, which is on the verge of bankruptcy, to lavish billions on wars for the extension of the French empire in Asia and Africa, but the French government is the victim of a form of compulsion. It cannot draw back without compromising the safety of its existing empire. Yet it cannot afford to spend the money which it needs for the protection and extension of its dominions.

IT is now frankly admitted that the Italian loan which was floated after the Italian debt settlement last winter is from the point of view of the issuing bankers a failure. They could not sell the bonds to the public at the price of issue and now that the syndicate is dissolved, the market price has dropped five to six points. The judgment of the American investor was in this instance better than that of the banker. The character of the existing Italian government is not calculated to justify confidence on the part of a prudent investor. Mussolini may last a long time, but he is addicted to danger and he will never bring security to Italy. He will cost the Italian people dear just as Napoleon III cost the French people, and he will so intrench himself that he cannot be dislodged without bloodshed, revolution and disaster. As long as he remains a dictator, Italian securities are a doubtful risk for an American investor. The fall in the market price of the Italian bonds will make it increasingly difficult to float additional French securities in this country, assuming that the proposed "settlement" of the French debt is accepted. At present defeated Germany deservedly enjoys better credit in the American market than victorious Italy or France.

SCORE one for the forces of peace and international good will. They have achieved a real victory by compelling the War Department to abolish Defense Day. This orgy of militarism has been given up for good and all, and it is the hostility of sensible citizens which has been mainly responsible: though we are glad to pay tribute also to the common sense attitude of President Coolidge who insisted that the warriors should seek the approval of Congress before going on with their grandiose schemes. Defense Day was heralded as a vital factor in the preparedness of this country for war. Even if you grant that preparedness keeps the peace (and we do not see how anyone can say so in view of what happened in Europe in 1914) Defense Day had about as much to do with that subject as with the distribution of corn syrup in Senegambia. It was patently an excuse for a grand annual debauch on the part of those who happen, as so many do, to combine jingoism and exhibitionism. The Army and Navy men were interested in it chiefly as a device for bringing pressure to bear on Congress to increase their appropriations; but it was also used to force the whole country into

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line in a fashion which was just as Prussian as its promulgators dared to make it. That it has been overthrown is we think one of the most hopeful signs in a time which does not blossom too profusely with such indications.

COMPULSORY chapel at Yale of course goes back to the good old days when the government and purpose of the college were wholly religious, and when the idea was unquestioned that compulsion could make people good. Of recent years it has hardly ever been defended as those who installed it would have defended it. Long student agitation has at length moved the Corporation to abolish it. Thus vanishes one of the last vestiges of stern Puritan discipline. What is not so certain is that the university is developing rapidly enough any new and voluntary discipline to take its place.

The British State vs. the General Strike

IF there was one note characteristic of early American comment on the general strike in Great Britain, it was a note of self-complacency. The White House Spokesman let it be known that in the Utopia over which Calvin Coolidge presided such calamities were inconceivable. In Mr. Henry Ford's opinion American business is safeguarded against such foolishness by its generous supply of brains. The average prosperous American after eating in peace an abundant breakfast and after reading the columns of threatening news which the daily newspapers have printed about the British crisis has usually murmured to himself: "Thank Heaven we manage things better in this country." He would have been nearer the truth if he had discerned in the British general strike the advance notice of a social conflict which in some different form would eventually break out in the United States. The elements of that conflict exist in prosperous and self-satisfied America of today just as they existed in prosperous and self-satisfied Great Britain of a generation ago. There are American industries which in respect to their internal organization and social efficiency are almost as sick as the British coal industry, the only difference being that they are part of a more vigorous economic organism which for the present can throw off the effect of a malady. Eventually the United States like Great Britain will have to do something about its sick industries, of which coal is the most conspicuous. When that time does come, we shall be obliged with much inferior preparation to meet the issue which confronts the British nation of today —the issue whether there is any effective way of questioning the authority of a state which neglects its palpable responsibilities. For years the British commonwealth has connived at the existence of a great industry which is so organized and operated that it is incapable of providing a living wage for its wage earners or an efficient and economic service for the community. Can it be called to task?

It is characteristic of the political good sense and maturity of our cousins in Great Britain that they have raised this issue without as yet insisting on a violent and conclusive method of dealing with it. They have permitted the Trades Union Council to call a strike which temporarily challenged the authority of the government and compromised the welfare of society without the flourishing of a declaration of war by either one side or the other. The Prime Minister, it is true, after having yielded a year ago to the threat of a general strike and subsidized the coal industry, and after having negotiated for twenty-four hours subject to such a threat, suddenly invoked the existence of the threat as an excuse for breaking off negotiations and now refuses to resume them until the threat is removed. This vacillation precipitated the issue. But after having in his public statements outlawed the Trades Union Council for proposing to coerce His Majesty's government, he did not vindicate by his acts his theory of the crisis. According to his propaganda he would have been fully justified in arresting the leaders of the Council, in sequestrating their funds and in ordering the strikers under severe penalties to return to work. In the United States any federal government, whether Democratic or Republican, would in similar circumstances have adopted these measures. But hitherto the British Tory government has refrained from mobilizing all its reserves for the purpose of asserting its authority and breaking the strike. No matter how it has talked, it has hitherto behaved as if there were limits to the authority of the state which the government should respect as long as the threat to social order remains tolerable and is prompted by social motives.

It is obvious also that the trades union leaders, while they are using a weapon which nominally challenges the authority of the state, are for the most part as remote as Mr. Baldwin himself from wishing actually to bring about the downfall of the British commonwealth. There is, of course, a left wing in the Trades Union Council whose members are more or less revolutionary, but the men at the head of the British Labor movement, as Mr. Baldwin admits, are usually patriotic Englishmen, who according to their own lights are seeking to improve rather than to tear apart the fabric of British society. Without being very clear about the meaning of what they are doing, they are acting at present on the two-faced theory that the British state needs to be challenged and yet deserves to be preserved inviolate. In the same way Mr. Baldwin is acting as if the British state was willing and ready to save itself but in the meantime could not quite decide whether it was or was not afraid to be challenged. Between them, let us hope, they will help to create a commonwealth of a novel kind which will permit

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the existence of a limited challenge to its authority for the probable benefit of social justice and which will shun so far as possible the liability to be either attacked or defended by violence.

It is doubtful, of course, how long the moderation of the Prime Minister and of his opponents will continue. The leaders of the two factions are surrounded by followers who would like to fight with all available weapons, regardless of consequences and to the bitter end; and if the contest is unduly prolonged the bitter-enders will obtain the upper hand. In that event the trades unions will be certainly beaten, and the fact that the immediate and unlimited use of all the resources of the state would suffice to beat them will, of course, tempt the government to throw its enormous reserves into the balance. But if the unions are beaten by a premature appeal to legal violence, it will be a grave calamity. Sooner or later modern industrial societies must make some provision for permitting their authority to be challenged, provided the challenge is itself kept within certain limits and is justified by a meritorious social grievance. The conduct of the present crisis during its earlier phases has been encouraging and hopeful precisely because it has provided favorable surroundings for the growth of a new and less jealous type of political sovereignty. The modern world has witnessed the spectacle of a potentially strong government which hesitates to crush ruthlessly an organized group of its subjects who have tried to alter an unjust decision by refusing to participate in essential social services. The precedent may well be constructive.

It is not easy for an American lawyer to conceive as tolerable a state which permits the authority of the government to be conditionally challenged. It has become a national dogma with Americans that the state, acting within the limits of its constitutional license, can do no wrong. Yet when the American Republic was founded the ordinary politically minded American was much more possessed by a suspicion of government than by confidence in its righteousness. He proposed to weaken it by dividing it into three parts each of which would balance and check the other two, and he wrote into the Federal Constitution what he believed to be permanent principles of justice which the judiciary was to prevent the government from violating. His ideal, consequently, was that of a trinitarian rather than a unitarian state which derived its authority partly from consent and partly from the just exercise of its powers. British labor is merely adapting this early American conception of the state to the conditions of a modern industrial society. The fathers of the Republic confined the political justice which they wished to guarantee to the scrupulous recognition of certain individual rights to property and liberty. Since 1789 the collectivism of modern industry has gradually emphasized the need of certain equally important standards of social justice. Respect for these standards has become just as necessary to the welfare of society as was respect for the traditional liberties of the individual in 1789. British labor is trying to force their recognition on society just as its forbears sought to force the Stuart monarchy to recognize the essential individual rights. And Americans who value the traditions of their own country have every reason to watch the experiment with eager curiosity and sympathy. The British are discovering how and how far it is possible to operate a state which permits its authority to be challenged by an organized group in the interest of social justice just as Parliament in the interest of individual liberty and representative government challenged the authority of Charles Stuart.

We are fully aware of the difficulty and the danger of allowing the authority of the state to be even conditionally challenged. No commonwealth whose rulers are committed to a conclusive, restricted or unenlightened conception of justice can afford to tolerate such a challenge. The only chance of perpetuating a self-righteous régime of this kind is to treat every conditional threat to political authority as absolute and fearful and to suppress it at once. The alternative method of toleration which is now being tested in Great Britain is most ticklish to operate. The people who are trying to operate it may crack under the strain and the danger to social order may become sufficiently acute and ominous to demand heroic measures of social protection. But the only way to create a better political and social order is to take some risks. Unless labor unionists are willing to issue a conditional challenge for the benefit of a good cause, it may never be possible to give reality in political institutions and practice to higher standards of social justice.

In this instance the cause is good. The unfortunate plight of the miners had been exposed again and again to the British public during the last five years. Parliament had consistently allowed the essentially unsocial interests of the owners and operators to frustrate all proposals to meet the grievances of the miners by reorganizing the industry. The report of the Coal Commission proposed to begin the reorganization of the industry by lowering still further the wages of the miners without compensating them with any assurance that their wages would be restored or that the reorganization would be prompt and drastic. It is no wonder that the Trades Union Council rallied to their assistance. If their fellow unionists had not supported them, the miners would have been powerless to put up an effective protest. Their grievances raised a problem of national policy which the government was dodging and which could be forced on the attention of the nation only by a general strike. The Trades Union Council may suffer defeat and the result may well be a temporary setback for British Labor in its advance towards political power, but every effort radically to improve political and social standards proceeds to victory through risk and defeat. What is now happening in Great Britain is the kind of

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convulsion through which all modern industrial societies will have to pass in so far as they are really to substitute for the jealously authoritarian state of the past a looser political organization which seeks to earn its unity by promoting the functional efficiency of its social members.

The Need of Peace by Negotiation

SIR JOHN SIMON tells us that the strike is illegal. Lord Birkenhead declares that the quarrel must not be ended until it is recognized that there is "one government, and one government only, in this country." Every one speaks of "the attack on the constitution."

All this is true or partly true, but those whose minds are filled with these ideas and phrases are not thinking or saying the things which it is important to think and say. The strikers are not red revolutionists. They are not seeking to overturn Parliament. They are not executing the first movement of a calculated manœuvre.

They are caught in a coil not entirely of their own weaving in which behavior, which is futile and may greatly injure themselves and their neighbors, is nevertheless the only way which seems to them to be open for expressing their feelings and sympathies and for maintaining comradeship and keeping faith.

This strike is a protest, a demonstration, an expression, though its aim and meaning are obscure, so that it is not easy for any one, certainly not for the strikers themselves, to explain adequately what the protest is an expression of.

Unlike Sir John Simon, it is inarticulate, unlogical, ill calculated. Certainly I cannot put it into words. But my feelings, as distinct from my judgment, are with the workers. I cannot be stirred so as to feel that the Trades Union Congress is the deliberate enemy of the community and must be crushed before it is spoken with.

Subsequent developments have revived the impression which the report of the Coal Commission made on me when I first read it, but which I afterward tried to suppress out of deference to the opinion of others as to its diplomatic value, namely that the report was, in some ways, very weak and woolly.

It would have been better if the economic issues had been more sharply emphasized and if a more definite and concrete scheme of action had been propounded. There was too much diplomacy in the report. Diplomacy is too difficult an art for human men. It is just because it was too diplomatic that diplomatically it has failed.

Of course, it is important to reduce the cost of production of coal by every practicable improvement. But too much emphasis on this side tends to obscure the other side which for the moment matters much more—namely that there are too many men in industry, that even with the men now employed there is serious overproduction and that in the absence of any pool or any other concerted action this overproduction has resulted in cut-throat competition which has driven down prices mainly in the export trade to a level which cannot yield a living wage.

Improvements from organization, etc., are all very well. But the urgent problems of trade are to transfer men out of industry, to curtail production and to raise export prices. These matters are not ignored in the Coal Report.

But they are not, as they should have been, dragged out in detail and into the limelight. If they had been it would have been impossible for the owners to have gone on up to the last moment with the proposal of an eight-hour day.

Eight hours a day as the policy for the future, after redundant labor in industry has been placed elsewhere, might be defensible. But as a temporary policy for the present it is half-witted to meet the condition of overproduction by increasing production 14 percent, or alternatively, to meet excessive unemployment by throwing a further 14 percent of men on to dole.

It is as though the Lancashire cotton mills were to propose as the solution of their troubles that the spinners should work overtime. A temporary five-hour day might help the coal industry. But a temporary eight-hour day is a ludicrous plan. If all of the miners were to work eight hours we could not sell the coal produced even if we were to capture the entire export trade of Germany and the United States.

We must not forget that up to almost the last moment, the only concrete proposals made to the miners were along these lines.

If the Trades Union Congress is given the pretext for calling off the strike now it might be possible for them to claim it as being something of a success, considered as a demonstration, owing to the completeness with which the men came out.

This fact is the main obstacle to reasonable negotiations. For many supporters of the government believe that the Trades Union Congress should be given no honorable opportunity of calling it off until by lapse of time it has become an evident failure.

This section of opinion, which has much influence in the Cabinet, in effect casts its influence in favor of prolonging the strike until the men show signs of breaking—which may take some time. Is it more important to settle the strike or to discredit it? Is it better to raise the strike now on peaceful terms, the unions withdrawing in good order, or to break it a month hence by economic pressure, destroying the loyalty of the men to one another?

That is the real matter of controversy today, and I think that those who believe that the future peace and prosperity of this country require the latter, make a great mistake.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

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Two Years of the Amalgamated

IT is one thing to state a satisfactory principle of action, but quite another to translate the principle into administrative practice. Much of the weakness of the labor movement lies in its failure to recognize this important fact." And, it might be added, the weakness also of democratic governments, of business organizations and of human affairs in general. Good administration marks the difference—subtle, pervasive and all-important, between a healthy social organism and a paper program, however fine.

It is fitting that this observation should be found in the report of the General Executive Board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America to the Seventh Biennial Convention of the Union, recently assembled in Montreal. For the remarkable success of the Amalgamated, its vibrant energy and competence, is to be attributed hardly to principles or programs different from those of other unions, and certainly not to more fortunate circumstances, but to a continued realization, implanted by the example of its President and strengthened in subordinate officials and members by years of experience and practice, that what counts is not merely the aim, but the capable execution of the aim. The Amalgamated is a realistic organization if there ever was one. It does not grant phrases and resolutions an exaggerated importance. It is not afraid of them, and on the other hand does not depend on them.

This document well exemplifies the quality. In most reports of labor and other organizations you will find plenty of resolutions and statements of attitude. You will find self-glorifications and a general smooth surface implying that all has been well. But you will not find frank acknowledgment of difficulties, discussion of internal problems and an account nine-tenths of which concerns action taken and results achieved. The Amalgamated report does not sound like the attempt of an executive to flatter constituents into a blanket and undiscriminating vote of confidence. It sounds more like an attempt to educate them concerning the tasks of their organization, and to secure their intelligent help.

The story told is of the efforts of the union to adjust itself and its environment to the generally unfavorable situation of the clothing markets since 1924. A highly varied strategy was required, involving some spectacular activities and some not so spectacular but equally essential. Union manufacturers suffering difficulties were assisted by the organization and its trained technical staff to reduce costs, to find their proper markets and improve their finances. With the ever-present knowledge that the union can prosper only in a prosperous industry, the leaders have always regarded problems of management as their immediate concern, especially where they were in a position to assist. Thus by consultation and adjustment it was possible to avoid, in the staunchly union sections of the industry, general wage cuts, much unemployment and blind hostility toward labor. At the same time efforts to extend control over the non-union sections were made, and attempts of certain manufacturers to escape union control were vigorously fought. Dramatic and successful instances of each which have received much publicity were the peaceful organization of the Arthur Nash Tailoring Company of Cincinnati, and the bitter and crucial nineteen weeks' strike against the International Tailoring Company and J. L. Taylor and Company. Strikes not leading at once to organization, but laying the basis for it and injuring the prestige of non-union centres were those in Buffalo, St. Louis and Philadelphia.

Perhaps a more difficult achievement than any of these was the placing of New York on the path of progress. Though the lockout of 1921 had resulted in a technical victory for the union, the market was seriously injured, the industry disorganized and chaotic. In 1924 a manufacturers' association was reorganized and impartial machinery reëstablished. Still, however, little could be done because of the deep-seated political factionalism within the union. "Lefts" and "rights" used every opportunity of union politics to strengthen their respective groups. Tolerant of every political belief, the national officers kept insisting that within the organization the genuine welfare of the Amalgamated must be the only aim. Though successful in avoiding an open break with the Communists longer than most important unions, the Amalgamated was at length forced to the conclusion that these followers of the absolute in phrase and dogma were using every opportunity to sabotage its necessary activities and must be eliminated if the union organization was to function. A veritable uprising of the rank and file, supported strongly by the national board, at length robbed the active Communists of power and influence, and for several months the New York branches of the union have been attending to business and have vastly improved the industrial situation. The Impartial Chairmanship has successfully completed its second year.

Extension of employment exchanges and unemployment insurance outside of Chicago and Rochester have had to wait while these adjustments were being made. The banks, however, have been growing in resources and experience, and coöperative housing has been begun. The union press has been reorganized and converted into an educational institution by opening its columns to full discussions by members of all phases of union policy. In fact the record seems to show that the entire organization has been fulfilling its chief function—that of educating the members to live coöperatively and effectively in their world.

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Sinclair Lewis's Gesture

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS'S refusal of the Pulitzer Prize awarded to him for his novel Arrowsmith brings the prize once more into the field of controversy. According to the terms laid down by the founder the award is to be made to the novel "best presenting the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." These terms have been a source of embarrassment to the successive juries charged with their interpretation. To take them literally, in the sense which they doubtless bore for the founder, would reduce the prize to an absurdity. Accordingly they have usually been met by a compromise. Among novels of literary distinction the jury has sought for a book which should not flagrantly contravene the terms of the gift.

A few years ago the choice of the jury fell upon Mr. Lewis's earlier book, Main Street, on the ground that it made a specific, and above all a really effective, protest against the shortcomings of American character and the stifling complacency of the atmosphere in which most Americans live, and by implication promoted higher standards and a more wholesome society, thus squaring with the intention of the founder. The trustees evidently thought this interpretation too far-fetched or the book deficient in literary merit. At all events they overruled the jury in favor of Mrs. Wharton's Age of Innocence — a work of superior artistic merit, but of which the conformity to the conditions of the award was at least doubtful. Their action probably emphasized the popular impression that the prize was granted to the best novel of the year. The award to Miss Willa Cather, like that to Mrs. Wharton, carried the sanction of recognition of a long and distinguished literary career. Last year's award to Miss Edna Ferber for So Big was obviously a compromise of the same sort. This year Arrowsmith clearly presented stronger claims than Main Street. In addition to its purging satire it sets forth in its hero a standard of manhood in loyalty, to scientific truth, and it is a novel of drive and power, the best which Mr. Lewis has written. The jury could not have passed it by, nor the trustees have failed to confirm their judgment.

Mr. Lewis does not believe in the wholesome atmosphere of American life or in the power of juries and trustees to discriminate a standard of American manners and manhood in any way separable from the requirements of good form and models of character approved by the temporary fashions of the time. It is surely his right to cite the letter of the bond and to refuse the award. When he puts his action on grounds higher than individual conscientious scruples, however, he raises a bogey which has no real existence. Undoubtedly writers for the public have plenty of temptation—"compulsion" is a strong word for it—to become "safe, polite, obedient and sterile," though the Pulitzer Prize is hardly large enough to weigh heavily in this competition. When Mr. Lewis goes further and portrays the evils which will follow he is no longer a realist. "It is not absurd," he writes, "to suggest that in another generation it [the Pulitzer Prize of $1,000] may become the one thing for which any ambitious novelist will strive, and the administrators of the prize may become a supreme court, a college of cardinals, so rooted and so sacred that to challenge them will be to commit blasphemy." It *is* absurd. There is no reason to believe that the Pulitzer Prize of $1,000 will be in future a greater incentive to novelists than it is now, or that the administrators will do other than they do at present—that is, try to make the best of a difficult situation. If they act as Mr. Lewis fears, the prize will become as totally negligible an influence on American literature as the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which Mr. Lewis reminds us that he spurned on the same high grounds.

Undoubtedly Mr. Lewis's refusal has made the position of the administrators more difficult. This is all to the good. It should result in a formal change in the conditions of the award to correspond with the actual practice, or a frank admission that the prize is given for the most meritorious work of fiction of the year. It should not be impossible to bring about this revision with the consent and coöperation of Mr. Pulitzer's heirs. The importance which the prize has assumed, and to which Mr. Lewis has contributed, justifies the effort. And if a somewhat conservative recognition of literary merit is all that is to be expected from the administration of an academic body, there is the incentive to the endowment of a prix Goncourt for the encouragement of a more revolutionary type of excellence, the award to be made by an academy composed, let us say, of Mr. Lewis, Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Dos Passos, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, Mr. Carl Van Vechten, Mrs. Evelyn Scott, Mr. Mencken and Mr. Stuart Pratt Sherman.

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The Irreligion of Capitalism*

SOCIETIES, like individuals, have their moral crises and their spiritual revolutions. The student can observe the results which these cataclysms produce, but he can hardly without presumption attempt to appraise them, for it is at the fire which they kindled that his own small taper has been lit. The rise of a naturalistic science of society, with all its magnificent promise of fruitful action and of intellectual light; the abdication of the Christian Churches from departments of economic conduct and social theory long claimed as their province; the general acceptance by thinkers of a scale of ethical values, which turned the desire for pecuniary gain from a perilous, if natural, frailty into the idol of philosophers and the mainspring of society—such movements are written large over the history of the tempestuous age which lies between the Reformation and the full light of the eighteenth century. Their consequences have been worked into the very tissue of modern civilization. Posterity still stands too near their source to discern the ocean into which these streams will flow.

In an historical age the relativity of political doctrines is the tritest of commonplaces. But social psychology continues too often to be discussed in serene indifference to the categories of time and place, and economic interests are still popularly treated as though they formed a kingdom over which the Zeitgeist bears no sway. In reality, though inherited dispositions may be constant from generation to generation, the system of valuations, preferences and ideals—the social environment within which individual character functions—is in process of continuous change, and it is in the conception of the place to be assigned to economic interests in the life of society that change has in recent centuries been most comprehensive in its scope, and most sensational in its consequences. The isolation of economic aims as a specialized object of concentrated and systematic effort, the erection of economic criteria into an independent and authoritative standard of social expediency, are phenomena which, though familiar enough in classical antiquity, appear, at least on a grand scale, only at a comparatively recent date in the history of later civilizations. The conflict between the economic outlook of East and West, which impresses the traveler today, finds a parallel in the contrast between mediæval and modern economic ideas, which strikes the historian.

The elements which combined to produce that on are too numerous to be summarized in any neat formula. But, side by side with the expansion of trade and the rise of new classes to political power, there was a further cause, which, if not the most conspicuous, was not the least fundamental. It was the contraction of the territory within which the spirit of religion was conceived to run. The criticism which dismisses the concern of Churches with economic relations and social organization as a modern innovation finds little support in past history. What requires explanation is not the view that these matters are part of the province of religion, but the view that they are not. When the age of the Reformation begins, economics is still a branch of ethics, and ethics of theology; all human activities are treated as falling within a single scheme, whose character is determined by the spiritual destiny of mankind; the appeal of theorists is to natural law, not to utility; the legitimacy of economic transactions is tried by reference, less to the movements of the market than to moral standards derived from the traditional teaching of the Christian Church; the Church itself is regarded as a society wielding theoretical, and sometimes practical, authority in social affairs. The secularization of political thought, which was to be the work of the next two centuries, had profound reactions on social speculation, and by the Restoration the whole perspective, at least in England, had been revolutionized. Religion has been converted from the keystone which holds together the social edifice, into one department within it, and the idea of a rule of right is replaced by economic expediency as the arbiter of policy and the criterion of conduct. From a spiritual being who, in order to survive, must devote a reasonable attention to economic interest, man seems sometimes to have become an economic animal, who will be prudent nevertheless, if he takes due precautions to assure his spiritual well-being.

The result is an attitude which forms so fundamental a part of modern political thought, that both its precarious philosophical basis, and the contrast which it offers with the conceptions of earlier generations, are commonly forgotten. Its essence is a dualism which regards the secular and the religious aspects of life, not as successive stages within a larger unity, but as parallel and independent provinces, governed by different laws, judged by different standards and amenable to different authorities. To the most representative minds of the Reformation, as of the Middle Ages, a philosophy which treated the transactions of commerce and the institutions of society as indifferent to religion would have appeared, not merely morally reprehensible, but intellectually absurd. Holding as their first assumption that the ultimate social authority is the will of God, and that temporal interests are a

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transitory episode in the life of spirits which are eternal, they state the rules to which the social conduct of the Christian must conform, and, when circumstances allow, organize the discipline by which those rules may be enforced. By their successors in the eighteenth century the philosophy of Indifferentism, though rarely formulated as a matter of theory, is held in practice as a truism which it is irrational, if not actually immoral, to question, since it is in the heart of the individual that religion has its throne, and to externalize it in rules and institutions is to tarnish its purity and to degrade its appeal. Naturally, therefore, they formulate the ethical principles of Christianity in terms of a comfortable ambiguity, and rarely indicate with any precision their application to commerce, finance and the ownership of property. Thus the conflict between religion and those natural economic ambitions, which the thought of an earlier age had regarded with suspicion, is suspended by a truce which divides the life of mankind between them. The former takes as its province the individual soul, the latter the intercourse of man with his fellows in the activities of business and the affairs of society. Provided that each keeps to its own territory, peace is assured. They cannot collide, for they can never meet.

History is a stage where forces which are within human control contend and coöperate with forces which are not. The change of opinion described in these pages drew nourishment from both. The storm and fury of the Puritan revolution had been followed by a dazzling outburst of economic enterprise, and the transformation of the material environment prepared an atmosphere in which a judicious moderation seemed the voice at once of the truest wisdom and the sincerest piety. But the inner world was in motion as well as the outer. The march of external progress woke sympathetic echoes in hearts already attuned to applaud its triumph, and there was no consciousness of an acute tension between the claims of religion and the glittering allurements of a commercial civilization, such as had tormented the age of the Reformation.

It was partly the natural, and not unreasonable, diffidence of men who were conscious that traditional doctrines of social ethics, with their impracticable distrust of economic motives, belonged to the conditions of a vanished age, but who lacked the creative energy to state them anew, in a form applicable to the needs of a more complex and mobile social order. It was partly that political changes had gone far to identify the Church of England with the ruling aristocracy, so that, while in France, when the crash came, many of the lower clergy threw in their lot with the tiers état, in England it was rarely that the officers of the Church did not echo the views of society which commended themselves to the rulers of the State. It was partly that, to one important body of opinion, the very heart of religion was a spirit which made indifference to the gross world of external circumstances appear, not a defect, but an ornament of the soul. Untrammeled by the silken chains which bound the Establishment, and with a great tradition of discipline behind them, the Nonconformist Churches might seem to have possessed opportunities of reasserting the social obligations of religion with a vigor denied to the Church of England. What impeded their utterance was less a weakness than the most essential and distinctive of their virtues. Founded on the repudiation of the idea that human effort could avail to win salvation, or human aid to assist the pilgrim in his lonely quest, they saw the world of business and society as a battlefield, across which character could march triumphant to its goal, not as crude materials waiting the architect's hand to set them in their place as the foundations of the Kingdom of Heaven. It did not occur to them that character is social, and society, since it is the expression of character, spiritual. Thus the eye is sometimes blinded by light itself.

The certainties of one age are the problems of the next. Few will refuse their admiration to the magnificent conception of a community penetrated from apex to foundation by the moral law, which was the inspiration of the great reformers, not less than of the better minds of the Middle Ages. But, in order to subdue the tough world of material interests, it is necessary to have at least so much sympathy with its tortuous ways as is needed to understand them. The Prince of Darkness has a right to a courteous hearing and a fair trial, and those who will not give him his due are wont to find that, in the long run, he turns the tables by taking his due and something over. Common sense and a respect for realities are not less graces of the spirit than moral zeal. The paroxysms of virtuous fury, with which the children of light denounced each new victory of economic enterprise as yet another stratagem of Mammon, disabled them for the staff-work of their campaign, which needs a cool head as well as a stout heart. Their obstinate refusal to revise old formulæ in the light of new facts exposed them helpless to a counter-attack, in which the whole fabric of their philosophy, truth and fantasy alike, was overwhelmed together. They despised knowledge, and knowledge destroyed them.

Few can contemplate without a sense of exhilaration the splendid achievements of practical energy and technical skill, which, from the latter part of the seventeenth century, were transforming the face of material civilization, and of which England was the daring, if not too scrupulous, pioneer. If, however, economic ambitions are good servants, they are bad masters. Harnessed to a social purpose, they will turn the mill and grind the corn. But the question, to what end the wheels revolve, remains; and on that question the naïve and u worship of economic power, which is the n unreason too often engendered in those wh new Leviathan has hypnotized by its spell,

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no light. Its result is not seldom a world in which men command a mechanism that they cannot fully use, and an organization which has every perfection except that of motion.

> Er nennt's Vernunft und braucht's allein,
> Nur tierischer als jedes Tier zu sein.

The shaft of Mephistopheles, which drops harmless from the armor of Reason, pierces the lazy caricature which masquerades beneath that sacred name, to flatter its followers with the smiling illusion of progress won from the mastery of the material environment by a race too selfish and superficial to determine the purpose to which its triumphs shall be applied. Mankind may wring her secrets from nature, and use their knowledge to destroy themselves; they may command the Ariels of heat and motion, and bind their wings in helpless frustration, while they wrangle over the question of the master whom the imprisoned genii shall serve. Whether the chemist shall provide them with the means of life or with trinitrotoluol and poison gas, whether industry shall straighten the bent back or crush it beneath heavier burdens, depends on an act of choice between incompatible ideals, for which no increase in the apparatus of civilization at man's disposal is in itself a substitute. Economic efficiency is a necessary element in the life of any sane and vigorous society, and only the incorrigible sentimentalist will depreciate its significance. But to convert efficiency from an instrument into a primary object is to destroy efficiency itself. For the condition of effective action in a complex civilization is coöperation. And the condition of coöperation is agreement, both as to the ends to which effort should be applied, and the criteria by which its success is to be judged.

Agreement as to ends implies the acceptance of a standard of values, by which the position to be assigned to different objects may be determined. In a world of limited resources, where nature yields a return only to prolonged and systematic effort, such a standard must obviously take account of economic possibilities. But it cannot itself be merely economic, since the comparative importance of economic and of other interests—the sacrifice, for example, of material goods worth incurring in order to extend leisure, or develop education, or humanize toil—is precisely the point on which it is needed to throw light. It must be based on some conception of the requirements of human nature as a whole, to which the satisfaction of economic needs is evidently vital, but which demands the satisfaction of other needs as well, and which can organize its activities on a rational system only in so far as it has a clear apprehension of their relative significance. "Whatever the world thinks," wrote Bishop Berkeley, "he who hath not much meditated upon God, the human mind and the summum bonum may possibly make a thriving earthworm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman." The philosopher of today, who bids us base our hopes of progress on knowledge inspired by love, does not differ from the Bishop so much, perhaps, as he would wish. The most obvious facts are the most easily forgotten. Both the existing economic order, and too many of the projects advanced for reconstructing it, break down through their neglect of the truism that, since even quite common men have souls, no increase in material wealth will compensate them for arrangements which insult their self-respect and impair their freedom. A reasonable estimate of economic organization must allow for the fact that, unless industry is to be paralyzed by recurrent revolts on the part of outraged human nature, it must satisfy criteria which are not purely economic. A reasonable view of its possible modifications must recognize that natural appetites may be purified or restrained, as, in fact, in some considerable measure they already have been, by being submitted to the control of some larger body of interests. The distinction made by the philosophers of classical antiquity between liberal and servile occupations, the mediæval insistence that riches exist for man, not man for riches, Ruskin's famous outburst, "there is no wealth but life," the argument of the Socialist who urges that production should be organized for service, not for profit, are but different attempts to emphasize the instrumental character of economic activities, by reference to an ideal which is held to express the true nature of man.

Of that nature and its possibilities the Christian Church was thought, during the greater part of the period discussed in these pages, to hold by definition a conception distinctively its own. It was therefore committed to the formulation of a social theory, not as a philanthropic gloss upon the main body of its teaching, but as a vital element in a creed concerned with the destiny of men whose character is formed, and whose spiritual potentialities are fostered or starved, by the commerce of the marketplace and the institutions of society. Stripped of the eccentricities of period and place, its philosophy had as its centre a determination to assert the superiority of moral principles over economic appetites, which have their place, and an important place, in the human scheme, but which, like other natural appetites, when flattered and pampered and overfed, bring ruin to the soul and confusion to society. Its casuistry was an attempt to translate these principles into a code of practical ethics, sufficiently precise to be applied to the dusty world of warehouse and farm. Its discipline was an effort, too often corrupt and pettifogging in practice, but not ignoble in conception, to work the Christian virtues into the spotted texture of individual character and social conduct. That practice was often a sorry parody on theory is a truism which should need no emphasis. But in a world where principles and conduct are unequally mated, men are to be

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judged by their reach as well as by their grasp—by the ends at which they aim as well as by the success with which they attain them. The prudent critic will try himself by his achievement rather than by his ideals, and his neighbors, living and dead alike, by their ideals not less than by their achievement.

Circumstances alter from age to age, and the practical interpretation of moral principles must alter with them. Few who consider dispassionately the facts of social history will be disposed to deny that the exploitation of the weak by the powerful, organized for purposes of economic gain, buttressed by imposing systems of law and screened by decorous draperies of virtuous sentiment and resounding rhetoric, has been a permanent feature in the life of most communities that the world has yet seen. But the quality in modern societies, which is most sharply opposed to the teaching ascribed to the Founder of the Christian Faith, lies deeper than the exceptional failures and abnormal follies against which criticism is most commonly directed. It consists in the assumption, accepted by most reformers with hardly less naïveté than by the defenders of the established order, that the attainment of material riches is the supreme object of human endeavor and the final criterion of human success. Such a philosophy, plausible, militant, and not indisposed, when hard pressed, to silence criticism by persecution, may triumph or may decline. What is certain is that it is the negation of any system of thought or morals which can, except by a metaphor, be described as Christian. Compromise is as impossible between the Church of Christ and the idolatry of wealth, which is the practical religion of capitalist societies, as it was between the Church and the State idolatry of the Roman Empire.

"Modern capitalism," writes Mr. Keynes, "is absolutely irreligious, without internal union, without much public spirit, often, though not always, a mere congeries of possessors and pursuers." It is that whole system of appetites and values, with its deification of the life of snatching to hoard, and hoarding to snatch, which now, in the hour of its triumph, while the plaudits of the crowd still ring in the ears of the gladiators and the laurels are still unfaded on their brows, seems sometimes to leave a taste as of ashes on the lips of a civilization which has brought to the conquest of its material environment resources unknown in earlier ages, but which has not yet learned to master itself. It was against that system, while still in its supple and insinuating youth, before success had caused it to throw aside the mask of innocence, and while its true nature was unknown even to itself, that the saints and sages of earlier ages launched their warnings and their denunciations. The language in which theologians and preachers expressed their horror of the sin of covetousness may appear to the modern reader too murkily sulphurous; their precepts on the contracts of business and the disposition of property may seem an impracticable pedantry. But rashness is a more agreeable failing than cowardice, and, when to speak is unpopular, it is less pardonable to be silent than to say too much. Posterity has, perhaps, as much to learn from the whirlwind eloquence with which Latimer scourged injustice and oppression, as from the sober respectability of the judicious Paley—who himself, since there are depths below depths, was regarded as a dangerous revolutionary by George III.

R. H. Tawney.

Why the Volstead Act Fails

If the American people think the present administration is making an honest and sincere effort to enforce the dry laws, they furnish complete refutation of Abraham Lincoln's maxim that "you can't fool all the people all the time." The greatest economic, political and sociological experiment of our day is getting about as fair a trial as Galileo received from the jesuitical—or was it Calvinistic?—judges of the Spanish Inquisition.

It is an amazing and disheartening commentary on the public credulity that, despite all the hysterical shouting and pot shots at prohibition, nobody—wet or dry—has arisen to question the good faith of the government's attitude and purpose. Everybody seems to start with the assumption that the administration has courageously and wholeheartedly tried to enforce the Eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act. Even in the face of flagrant and scandalous flouting of the law, nobody has given a thought to this basic question.

Thus the wets maintain that enforcement is impossible because of human nature's corruption and cussedness, general dislike of the law and inherent fallacies in sumptuary legislation of this kind. The drys complacently argue that no law, even though it be of divine inspiration like this one, can attain its full stature and commanding aspect in the short time that has elapsed since its enactment. Despite the prestige of two thousand years, they point out, the Ten Commandments have rough going in some wicked places, so why expect the eleventh commandment to receive the veneration it deserves only five years after the Anti-Saloon League handed it to Andrew J. Volstead, our modern Moses?

As a matter of fact susceptible of proof, the administration and the drys are parties to a political bargain which leaves everybody satisfied except the American people. As long as the government will profess its belief in the sanctity of the dry laws, it will have the support, political and vocal, of

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Wayne B. Wheeler's cohorts. On their part, the drys will be content to overlook conditions which make a farce of enforcement. Thus the Republicans are dealing with the arid and Republican states of the Middle and Far West as dishonestly and unholily as the Democrats, when in power, handle questions affecting the once too, too solid South.

By all the standards of police court honesty, the Volstead act should fall on all alike, whereas it is the urban element alone which now holds out its palate for the prohibition guillotine. While the city folks must forego their "cereal" beverages and spirits, expressly named in the Volstead act, Republican farmers and fruit growers of the West may enjoy "fruit" beverages of unlimited alcoholic content. The administration knows, of course, that a just and equitable Volstead act should contain an inhibition against "fruit" beverages of more than one-half of 1 percent alcohol, but there has been no move to remedy this shortcoming. In fact, suggestions that such an amendment would close up a wide avenue of violation have fallen upon ears more attuned to the swish-swish of votes into the ballot box.

So slipshod was prohibition administration from 1920 to 1925 that the Treasury Department forgot to repeal an ancient internal revenue regulation which collided with the Volstead act. Government officials and prohibition lawyers skilled and trained in the art of law-making either neglected or winked at it, though it sanctioned the home manufacture of 200 gallons of tax-free wine annually, and provided for the issuance of licenses, willy-nilly, to all applicants. Assistant Secretary Andrews discovered and rescinded the regulation soon after he took office as prohibition chief, and took a careful look around the department.

California, a good grape and Republican growing state, protested against cutting down its market, as well as its own supply of wine. The foreign population of many of our large cities, which knew of the loop-hole that was apparently forgotten by Treasury and administration experts, sent able legal counsel to complain against its loss of wine. The very elements which saw in the Republicans their true brethren because of the Harding-Coolidge foreign policy yelled the loudest. The Treasury did not revoke its rescinding order, but now the government tolerates home manufacture, at the same time waiving the necessity for licenses and losing its revenue.

It would hardly be legal to issue permits for manufacture of an illicit drink, but apparently such manufacture and consumption are within the law if the government has no official knowledge of it. So California sells its grapes and makes its wine, the foreign-born again swear by the Republican party —and they'll all vote the G. O. P. ticket in 1928.

Another barrier to enforcement was the ease with which the organized bootlegging trade laid its hands on medicinal whiskey. In fact, it furnished them with their most profitable line of goods, for aged rye whiskey cut three ways brought fancy prices anywhere. While honest and legitimate physicians, through the American Medical Association, cried out that they were not allowed to prescribe sufficient spirits to alleviate the sufferings of their patients, the illegal trade in medicinal liquor proceeded on a tremendous scale.

General Andrews proposed that the government purchase and distribute the rapidly depleting stock, and thus postpone the day when a new supply would have to be distilled, with the attendant difficulties such a course would place in the path of prohibition enforcement.

Both Mr. Mellon and President Coolidge promptly stepped on the idea. They branded the proposal as fantastic and impossible. They assumed the position that the government, though it took over billions of dollars of railroad property during the War, could not enter the liquor business. The practical Mr. Mellon and agreeable Mr. Coolidge could not countenance such a step toward socialism; it might serve as a pernicious precedent. Better a bootlegger on every corner than such an alternative!

All efforts to build up an honest and capable dry army, from administrators down to the Moes and Izzies, have been blocked at every turn. General Andrews first planned to engage some of Wall Street's commercial, financial and industrial captains for executive and administrative posts. But not even a sense of public duty and civic responsibility could induce them to serve for only $7,500 a year. The prohibition chief then sought the right to reallocate his funds so he could pay more money. In this he was checkmated by Controller General McCarl. Not a penny more than $7,500 a year could the government pay the men entrusted with organizing and directing the crusade for real enforcement.

General Andrews next tried to hire retired army officers. With their pensions, the $7,500 salary might prove an incentive for them to return to the wars. But Mr. McCarl held that only officers who had been retired for disability could draw another check from the government. Blind, crippled and anæmic old men, under this decision, could help make America dry, but able-bodied, well preserved, straight-shooting soldiers in their fifties were barred. Finally, after a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to take prohibition out of politics, General Andrews was forced to consult the Jim Watsons and Bascom Slemps before he could inaugurate his new régime. Most of his administrators were purely political appointees, and about as capable as those usually are.

Within a year more than 800 prohibition agents have been removed or asked to resign. Here is a body of men engaged in putting this experiment to the test, yet corruption and inefficiency rage

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among them like a pestilence. The government's refusal to pay enough money to attract honest and able servants, together with its willingness to use these jobs to bolster political machines, are the main reasons for this state of affairs. It is as if the propagator of a religion, which some administration supporters consider prohibition to be, picked his apostles and missionaries from the penitentiaries and houses of ill fame.

Within a year, too, the enforcement army has been cut in half. While General Andrews, with new regulations and legislative proposals, was forging sharper and more effective weapons for his field forces, Budget Director Lord and Controller General McCarl were tightening the purse strings. So rapidly and thoroughly was the army mustered out that the shining armor provided by the generalissimo merely accumulates rust and dust in the storerooms. New York City, with a population of 7,000,000 people and no love for the law, has barely twenty-five agents on active duty; it is not enough to watch the hotels, cabarets and speakeasies within a stone's throw of Times and Sheridan Squares. Philadelphia, although it is the headquarters of the illicit alcohol gang, has no more than the metropolis. As well order a platoon of infantry cumbered with cannon to scale and capture Gibraltar.

The prohibition department's new policy of prosecuting the big operators and distributors was predicated upon close coöperation from Attorney General Sargent's seventy-five United States District Attorneys. It was a vain hope. Most of the district attorneys who ought to be fired still hold office, if Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Mr. Sargent's assistant, is to be believed.

Reports of lax conditions among the judicial forces of the country are on file in the Attorney General's office, but there has been no general weeding-out, and there won't be. The law may be the law, but politics is politics. And Mr. Sargent achieved renown as a politician in Vermont long before his closest friend would have predicted that he would some day reach such high estate.

The prohibition comedy reached ludicrous heights when the administration sought to still the clamor of drys who demanded General Andrews's head for his assertion that "beer non-intoxicating in fact to the average man" would aid enforcement. Attorney General Sargent lumbered into action before a bevy of women and acclaimed the virtue of padlocking everything in sight. General Andrews strove to make amends by demanding enactment of search-and-seizure bills which would have provoked a dozen Boston tea parties one hundred and fifty years ago. And lo!—taking the administration wholly by surprise—the drys announced their complete approval of the Treasury Department's policies, and accepted General Andrews's apologies.

What a roaring, Rabelaisian comedy it is—with enforcement cast in the rôle of the lost child that never will be found because nobody wants to find it.

The bungling—deliberate or stupid, it matters not which—extended even to the negotiation of rum treaties with Great Britain and other nations. Recent court decisions have made them more of a hindrance than a help to the overworked Coast Guard and other agencies. The documents contained all manner of ambiguities respecting extension of jurisdiction, the degree to which force could be exerted, penalties and confiscation of craft carrying contraband.

The making of these treaties was entirely in the hands of our trustful diplomats. Hard-headed Coast Guarders, whose everyday experience had taught them the worth and ability of bootleggers' counsel, and the necessity for a copper-riveted compact, were not consulted. The State Department, spurning advice, went on the assumption that these treaties were laws in themselves, and that Congressional sanction was not necessary for extension of the territorial limits.

Well, the courts have held differently—several of them. Summer, the harvest time of Rum Row and offshore bootleggers in other parts, comes in apace. But our Coast Guard, enlarged and provided with additional craft at an expense of more than $10,000,000, can only wet its toes at the three-mile limit until Congress acts or the decision is reversed by the Supreme Court of the United States. Even then the bootleggers may take their case to Geneva, and old-world diplomats who flavor their agreements with whiskey and soda or a beaker of wine will be our judges. What a pretty figure Old Lady America will cut there!

Mr. Coolidge himself has given encouragement for the liberals and their purveyors of liquor. Commenting on the Stalker bill providing jail sentences for hip-toters, the Chief Magistrate opined there might be a difference between the flask-carrier and the big operators. He thus gave rise to the heresy that there can be degrees of guilt in connection with this mighty moral law, as if the man who snitched a nickel were not as scoundrelly and immoral a rascal as he who plundered a million. It was most disconcerting to Mr. Wheeler.

But nobody demanded Mr. Coolidge's impeachment. And there is no serious outcry for Mr. Mellon's removal. And John Garibaldi Sargent will stay in Washington long enough to learn where his office is located. And General Andrews from personal experience will find that "war is hell." And more drastic prohibition laws will be asked of Congress, the target, as usual, of buck-passing officials. And nobody will enforce the new laws. And nobody will care a damn. And America will build itself a newer and cleaner social order on this foundation. And Wayne B. Wheeler will swing twenty states into the Republican column in 1928.

And—after all—what else matters?

DONN THOMAS.

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Washington Notes

THE more utterly subservient of the administration newspaper organs seem to be curiously afraid of Frank O. Lowden. To be specific I mean the Curtis publications, daily, weekly and monthly. To me these are the most stupidly Republican, the most unfairly partisan and onesided journalistic productions in the whole country—particularly the dailies. It is no wonder the men who work on these papers here in Washington and who know best their political slant and inside workings take so little joy in their work and in life generally. If their reading audiences were more intelligent these papers would breed more Bolsheviks than any half-dozen of the most radical sheets in the land. Reaction makes more recruits than argument. With a certain amount of intelligence plus a sense of fairness a reaction to a full dose of the Curtis press is inevitable.

I used to think the New York Herald-Tribune the smuggest and most besottedly partisan paper in the United States, the most offensive in the consistency with which it refrained from giving the other side, but I am now definitely committed to the Curtis crowd for first place. The Herald-Tribune is a close second, but the Curtis boys are easily leaders in the adulation race. It is they who weekly make the editorial statement that Mr. Coolidge has reduced taxes through the savings he has effected in the cost of government. I submit it just is not possible to make a more completely absurd and unfounded statement of a situation than that. Not even the White House spokesman goes that far. Neither does Brother Brisbane or the Herald-Tribune. Even the Treasury economists concede that the tremendous prosperity of the country following the dismantling of the war machine made tax reduction inevitable. The Coolidge economies are more or less a joke to them as they are to everybody else with a sense of proportion.

No one so far as I know except the Curtis publications has taken the view that taxes have been cut as a result of Mr. Coolidge's non-existent federal economies. It is the very peak of absurdity to make that claim. Its silliness is too extreme to permit of serious argument and its solemn repetition in the Curtis columns is a sufficient reason for considering the Philadelphia Public Ledger entitled to general recognition as the real Red Hot Mamma of all the Republican organs no matter where published or by whom owned in the daily field just as the Saturday Evening Post is without a peer in this line among the periodicals.

But I have drifted far away from Frank Lowden about whom I began to write. The point is that last week following the sudden and sensational revival of Congressional interest in the farmer and the appearance of ex-Governor Lowden in Washington, the Curtis papers announced that Lowden had eliminated himself as a Presidential possibility—that he had definitely alienated the East by his approval of the alleged socialistic principles of the farm legislation favored by the Corn Belt representatives—to wit, the Haugen bill.

The general intimation was that Lowden had suddenly shown himself up as an unsound man and from now on was not seriously to be considered. Of course this is complete nonsense. The bill favored by Lowden and the Corn Belt may be socialistic or it may not be. There is room for argument both ways, but whether it is or not the effort to sweep Mr. Lowden off the map as a Presidential possibility because he has more aggressive and more progressive, not to say more sincere and informed views on the subject of agriculture than Mr. Coolidge, is simply silly. I am still sceptical that anything will be done for the farmer at this session, but whether there is or is not, it is plain enough now that the man who is politically endangered by the storm is not Mr. Lowden, but Mr. Coolidge. The effort to pin responsibility on the ex-Illinois Governor requires considerable strain and is clearly inspired by the feeling that his candidacy in 1928 is the real menace to the continuation of the Coolidge-Mellon dynasty.

Mr. Lowden's age may eliminate him from the Presidential race in 1928—he will be not far from 68. Or the miracle by which Mr. Coolidge gets by may continue to work. Or someone else like the noble Longworth or the intrepid Wadsworth or the modest Dawes may push him aside, but his advocacy of the Corn Belt bill will not be the cause of his removal. On the contrary that is the reason he will figure in the fight. It is not a very intelligent thing in the Curtis papers to read him out at this stage and for this cause, but then it isn't any more unintelligent or insincere than the continued assertion that taxes have been reduced because of the White House savings. That takes the cake.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Spring Comedy

OF the two spring revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan, I cannot help preferring the Shuberts' Pinafore to Mr. Winthrop Ames's Iolanthe. The latter seems almost universally to have been received as the perfect Gilbert and Sullivan production; and it is true that, from the point of view of taste, Iolanthe is unusually distinguished. The costumes and sets are charming: great care in particular, has been taken over the fairies, who are small, volatile and irridescently dressed in silver slippers and ash-blue wigs. For one thing, however, the production favors Gilbert at the expense of Sullivan: it has been pointed out as a merit that all the words of the songs can be heard distinctly; but the music, which is among Sullivan's best, appears to rather poor advantage. The orchestra seems meagre and stifled: seven of the pieces are obliged to sit under the stage. And the principals, in general, have quite inadequate voices: the part of Strephon, in particular, which is usually cast with a view to the singer's ability to sustain the chief musical rôle among the male characters, is sung the flattest of all.

Furthermore, the production seemed to lack that energy, that peculiar rousing quality, which every musical entertainment should have. Mr. Winthrop Ames has, I fear, directed Iolanthe a little too much as if it were a polite modern comedy. This appears not only in the tempo

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of the whole but in the performance of the individual rôles. Mr. Ernest Lawford, for example, who is a distinguished high comedian, plays the Lord Chancellor as if he were a character in Bernard Shaw or Galsworthy; whereas what is wanted for Gilbert's comic parts is an expert and intelligent buffoon. Mr. Lawford, whose style in the dialogue is, of course, as fine as possible, makes every effort to do justice to the buffoonery as well, even rolling down a flight of steps in the trio in the second act. But he hasn't the technique of this sort of thing and his points of clowning do not score. Mr. Ames's Gilbert and Sullivan must be held, on the whole, to correspond, in its field, to the Arthur Hopkins experiments with Shakespeare.

Pinafore, on the other hand, has all the merits of a vigorous conventional musical production and its whole effect is happy—which was hardly to be expected after the machine-made and unappetizing super-production of the Mikado which the Shuberts put on last year. Pinafore is a super-production, too: as someone has said, after Barnum and Bailey's, it is the biggest show in town. And I will not deny that it is a little overdone—particularly Sir Joseph Porter's entrance with a brass-band playing God Save the King. But I do not mind the interpolated hornpipe danced to music borrowed from other operas by a corps of specially trained artistes attractively dressed in midshipmen's costumes: Pinafore was always a little too short. And, as for the full-rigged and fully-manned ship constructed on the stage and turned around from time to time on a revolving platform, the little opera expands to meet it, instead of being crushed, as one might have feared, by such gigantic ensemble and setting.

The singing is better than in Iolanthe and the music—a little speeded and overstimulated, in accordance with the modern taste—extremely satisfactory. Mr. Danforth, so admirable in former Gilbert and Sullivan productions as the Mikado, as the Lord Chancellor and as Sir Despard Murgatroyd, has attempted a novel conception of the character of Dick Deadeye, whom he has divested of his sinister elements—even discarding the traditional black blinder—and presents merely as a clumsy, sulky and almost touchingly lumpish poor wretch. In the comic trio in the first act—"A British tar is a soaring soul"—which De Wolf Hopper used to sing all à tort et à travers with such ferocious abandon, Mr. Danforth's Deadeye merely stares fixedly at his music-sheet with the horrible concentration of a schoolboy standing up in class and unable to make anything of the passage which he has been called upon to translate, only venturing a roar at the first note when his companions have already finished the song and left the stage. Fay Templeton, whom neither age nor the burden of maturer bulk has been able to render less adorable, is perhaps the best Buttercup ever seen.

Perhaps the last distinguished representative of the school of comedy which was inaugurated by Gilbert is Miss Clare Kummer. This vein, which has been worked in different ways by Wilde, by Barrie, by Shaw and by Frank Stockton, is derived, as the writer has suggested before, from the imperturbable application to the casualties and passions of life, not of the elegant cynicism of the Restoration, but of the prosaic habits of mind of the modern bourgeois. The people in Congreve and Wycherley amuse us by taking things calmly because they are so excessively worldly; the people in these modern English comedies, because they are so excessively matter-of-fact. Miss Kummer's new play, Pomeroy's Past, does not show her quite at her best: as in the case of Barrie, her chief vice is an overindulgence in "cuteness." But her best passages of comedy have, as always, a fine quality: Pomeroy's sister (so well played by Miss Crews)—with her eternal efficiency over the house and the garden, her monopolization of her less vigorous brother, her discussion of the dressmaker in her own presence, "I think she's telling the truth, don't you?"—is a charming and veracious sketch; and Pomeroy's improvised story of his clandestine love affair, according to which he and the young lady became acquainted accidentally just as they were going into church and went into the fields to gather daisies together, one of her happiest and most characteristic strokes in the creation of adults with childlike minds.

EDMUND WILSON.

Orpheus at the Provincetown

Orpheus. Provincetown Playhouse, April 29, 1926.

DURING fifteen centuries of its history the Greek was doubtless at one time or another all the things that it was ever thought to be. But the usual way is to lump it all together as if it were one glorious morning in Athens and say what it was. No doubt Gluck, with his nobility of spirit and line, his fine, placid virtue, his purity, candor and lofty passion, was nearer to classic Greek than any of our art can be. His art has the qualities of control, mind, beauty and passionate order that the classic civilization at its summit took to be its ideal. But the rendering given to the Orpheus by the Provincetown producers expresses the quality that our generation has conceived as Greek, or at least that quality to be found in Greek art and thought that seems to appeal most to us, to move us, to seem to us at once primitive, final, beautiful and immortal.

This is something weaker than the full-statured Athenians would have respected, something more related to early cults and to those softened rites and moods that clung to the old soil of Greece and that came later by way of those more subjective and violent cults of Asia Minor. This is the quality of the tragic faun, wilful desire, of impetuous revolt, of wild glades, reckless passions, poignant despair and the wistful beauty of past things. Its theme occurs for us in the figures of satyrs, fauns, Pierrots, Harlequins, in the orgiastic, the sadistic, the mystical, beautiful and grotesque. Underneath it all there is a quieter and more lasting quality, however. It consists of a kind of romantic pathos and tragic distinctness or finality of outlines in whatever beauty or passion is expressed. This version of Greek mood has not so much artfulness as it has naïve sincerity for the source of its moving clarity of statement. It leads not so much to an intellectual order and proportion as to a proportion of finalities set one against the other, passion, for example, or sorrow, desire, beauty, madness, seen simply and with the sense of poignant disillusion and fatality. Its sum is lyric.

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The whole impression of the Orpheus at the Provincetown Playhouse is one of poetry. The faults are obvious, some of them, like the pointing up of the musical phrase, can be mended with time and will be. The chorus is often bad, very bad when they present the furies in Hades whom Orpheus meets when he comes searching for Eurydice. But the great point about this production is that it means something to the artists who create it. It means something and they sing for the meaning. About the whole event there is a strangely fresh and moving beauty.

What this Orpheus at the Provincetown means is a thing less formal and happy, less polished and sophisticated than that eighteenth century work of art that was produced in Vienna in 1762 and brought to Paris two years later. It has less order and high resignation of mind, less grand chic, less of the eternal soul's melodic line. What it has is lyric and elegiac. It has the love and death of youth. Its resignation is dark and sullen. Its impulse is personal and hot. Its mood is noble not because of sublime reflections, but because it possesses the soul and is solitary and complete.

To see the Orpheus done in the eighteenth century manner, with the furies in costumes after the tradition of Callot and Bérain and the chorus in the chaste classic tradition of the time would be an exciting adventure. That would imply too the fourth act, in which Orpheus wins Eurydice after all and is happy ever after. It would imply a contralto in the rôle of Orpheus, perhaps, if we followed the original form of the opera, though Gluck later transposed the part into high tenor. Who in the modern theatre could carry out so learned a production is another matter.

What they have done at the Provincetown Playhouse shows throughout a unity of conception and intention, and conduces always to the kind of poetic quality that is sought. The fourth act, with the happy ending, is cut, the drama ends with the great lament of Orpheus, and by a real piece of imaginative invention we hear at the last moment the music of the opening in which Orpheus calls the name of Eurydice and mourns his loss, the funeral rites are seen again, the urn with its wreaths. The orchestra is small as befits the space of the theatre and as befits the elegy of the mood desired. In the singers' movements there is the right amount of plastique, not too formal for the conception, not too realistic. The simple stage employed, steps, a rampart at the back and the open sky beyond, is always effective, most of all when the strings of his harp are heard and Orpheus at the frontier of Hades walks out of the opening dawn and looks down on the phantoms in the shadows beneath him.

The part of Orpheus, fortunately sung by a man and bringing a male feeling to the scenes with Eurydice and to the laments for her, is taken by Mr. Richard Hale. The defects of his performance arise largely from the short time in which he has had to master the rôle and from the fact that the school in which Gluck wrote is not that in which a modern singer, and a young singer too, is most at home. But Mr. Hale has a good voice, a very moving and dramatic voice, a good sense of stage movement and a sincere approach to his art. At this stage of his career he is less remarkable as a musican than as an artist. His fine achievement in this part of Orpheus, however, arises from the fact that he attacks the part from within, for its meaning dramatically and poetically, he senses its meaning and its beauty, is stirred by it, and has the intelligence and the force to sing from what is within him.

Miss Lugarda Harling sings the secondary but beautiful rôle of Eurydice with a certain loveliness of feeling and a voice often pure and lovely, especially in the middle. She lacks physical flexibility and dramatic instinct. Mr. Macklin Marrow has charged the whole performance with a fresh and eloquent feeling; his phrasing could be pointed up and quickened, but his poetic intuition, his support of the dramatic burden of the lines and his management of the chorus must be evident to anyone. If Mr. Winthrop Ames in his admirable production of Iolanthe, where the orchestra lacks rhythm, a dramatic sense and the lucid pastoral purity that ought to grace such music, had the advantage of a conductor like Mr. Marrow, the Iolanthe would be more admirable still.

It should be added that the idea of producing Orpheus originated with Mischa Léon, a singer and musician well known in Europe and to some extent in America; the great advantages of his knowledge and his voice to this production were cut off by his sudden death on April 7. It should be said, too, that the occasion of the Orpheus at the Provincetown Playhouse is one of a number of ventures in the intimate production of opera—the Haydn Apothecary at the Neighborhood Playhouse for example and The Immortal Hour at the Grove Street Theatre—which may be the beginning of an important and needed development in music.

STARK YOUNG.

For Archaeologists Only

IT can't last forever. Sooner or later this civilization of ours must perish. To be more precise, it is a matter of fairly general agreement that on or about the late afternoon of August 13, 2226 A. D., a cloud no larger than a man's glad hand will be seen rapidly moving northward over Florida. At the same time a large express glacier will sweep down from the north. Under the huge weight of ice the continent will sink, and everyone will be drowned; the deep waters will close in, and all evidences of progress will disappear forever—railroad terminals and the Woolworth and silos and bank vaults and subdivisions and antiques and tea shoppes and service stations. Europe and other outlying districts will of course suffer the same fate, but in a less interesting manner. Our sole concern is America, whose memory we must keep alive through the ages, of whose existence we must, now, start saving evidences against the coming of that distant time when the men of the future turn to archæology. For a second race will emerge—it has always happened so, and will again. Thousands of years after the Great Disaster, little groups of men and women dressed in sea-weed will be found shivering at the edge of glaciers, somewhat later they will be eating raw tiger's meat in jungle clearings. Slowly, ever so slowly they will develop brains and skill and awe for the Unseen. At the end of some hundreds of centuries more they will have discovered that round

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wheels are better than square, that parrots can learn to talk, and that God made man in his own image. From this point the curve of progress will rise sharply, until the spirit of inquiry leads men to question the rocks and dig in the earth for the story of its past. Perhaps they will dig in vain; they may never come upon any clues which will enable them to reconstruct our civilization. It is our business, before it is too late, to leave them clues, to leave them a few things we have made or written, to leave them some message in a floating bottle. That method is simple. We must contrive a number of boxes guaranteed to float intact upon the waters of the world, silent and lonely after the catastrophe, for about five thousand years. The new race will eventually stumble upon them, open them, and begin guessing. If they find them and begin the guessing before the graduation of the first archæologist, all is lost, so the books must be labelled "For archæologists only," or, more simply, "Not to be opened until Christmas." One difficulty remains: What is to be put into the boxes? On this subject there are two schools of thought. The first is even now in conference on this most fascinating of topics: What books or magazines not to exceed a few dozen in number, will, if handed on to a generation completely ignorant of our language and our civilization, best explain that civilization? A file of the Saturday Evening Post? A Sears Roebuck catalogue? The Book of Etiquette? The Bible? Some favor including the dictionary; others oppose it on the ground that since archæologists are much alike, those of 7000 A. D. will not be grateful if the job is made too easy for them.

Another school, also sharing the belief that archæology suffers if given too much material, like cows and clover, insists that the boxes must contain no printed matter at all. What material objects shall we elect to represent us before the eyes of the future? Buildings, automobiles, blast furnaces, locomotives, lavatories, dirigibles are too large. Electric light bulbs, keys, clocks, clothespins, fountain pens, hair nets, collar buttons and gold teeth speak for too wide a span of time. We must restrict the selection so as to be eloquent of this decade and this America. The articles chosen must be typical, small, necessary and non-perishable. No ice-cream cone, for instance, and few doughnuts, can be expected to last five thousand years. Chewing gum, on the other hand, is a perfect example. What the jaw of man cannot annihilate the centuries will spare. So the first thing to go in the box is a package of chewing gum.

The rest is easy. A glance at the various social and economic tendencies of our times points clearly to the choice of: a pair of the straws through which soda is sucked, together with their protective casing (representing leisure and hygiene), an Eversharp pencil (art and literature), a balloon tire gauge (social prestige), a sheet of carbon paper (industry), a pair of gaily woven golf-stockings (club and country life), a dial telephone (the science of numbers), a seventy-five cent baseball (national glory, patriotism et al), a coin box such as worn about the waist by municipal traction conductors (finance), a cocktail shaker (law, brotherhood, chemistry), a rubber heel (longevity, self-preservation), and a lily cup.

If the neo-archæologists have enough imagination, they will rebuild, in their minds and in fascinating monographs, the U. S. A. of 1926. If they have too much imagination, which is more likely, they will at first be puzzled. But not for long. Imbued as they cannot fail to be with a deep sense of the importance of religious and tribal rituals, they will deduce that what the prehistoric race was at most pains to preserve was of course whatever ic held most sacred. The contents of the box will appear to them as the instruments of a solemn ceremony which was at the centre of gravity of our civilization. Their headlines will proclaim the discovery—Eocene High Priest's Vanity Bag Dug Up, or Gods of History's Dawn Seen by Scientists in Beach Find. Then the scientists will get to work at reconstituting the ritual and drawing maps of the place assigned to each object in the ceremony. There will be many theories. One will read into the sticks of chewing gum the symbol of plastic immortality, and deduce from the baseball that we Americans knew the world was round. Another will picture the high priest as wearing one golf stocking on his head (a truly impressive costume) and holding the other in reserve, and endow the coin box with totemistic powers. A third will compose all the bric-a-brac into a plausible pattern with the exception of the O'Sullivan, which will stump them. Still another will (to the everlasting shame of science) destroy the precious straws in the attempt to entice sacred music from them. The telephone will be easy to cast in the rôle of Delphic oracle. In short, some function will be assigned to everything in the box except the balloon tire gauge, upon which, being the most mysterious object of all, the archæologists will place the highest and most sacred value. And that wouldn't be such a bad guess.

ROBERT LITTELL.

The Flying Dutchman

Yet once more try for port, with dark sail crowded on,
And I will watch for you beyond the jetty's lip.
I am prepared and eager to be gone,
O frightful ship.

We shall not need the stars nor compass any more,
Who have no course to set in this defeated sea,
Who never clear for waiting town, but for
Eternity.

Captain with frantic eyes, whose craft no gale may wreck,
I come aboard to share the blessing of a spell
Wherein no hope of heaven disturbs your deck,
No fear of hell.

You are much to my mind—like Tantalus for pride,
As resolute as Faust and undeterred as Eve.
Before our bows the nether seas divide,
The gray wastes heave.

Our shadowy spars alee the fearful lookout hails
While on the endless run we drive from zone to zone:
"He cannot be quite damned, for now he sails
No more alone."

MARIAN STORM.

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A COMMUNICATION

A Defense of Psychoanalysis

SIR: When a theory takes hold of the popular imagination as has the basic theory of psychoanalysis—the doctrine of repression and the unconscious mechanisms that result—it would seem that there might be something in it. When the same theory has stirred thinking men and women sufficiently to create a literature, pro and con, of a few thousand books and pamphlets, one might suspect that the subject is worthy of respectful consideration. When such a theory has ramified until it embraces every field of normal and abnormal psychology—not to mention philosophy, pedagogy and the creative arts—again one might suspect that it cannot be brushed aside as so much nonsense. And when, lastly, men of undisputed standing in the scientific world are won over to psychoanalysis, and adopt the practice of it in a practical way to help the sick and the suffering, that would seem to indicate, indeed, that the time is past for defending the existence and validity of this new science that probes, as never before, the deepest and most hidden mysteries of human thought and behavior.

But apparently not! Every now and again somebody feels called upon to "knock" analysis or to poke fun at it. And the type of person who does that sort of thing, plus the content of the average criticisms, are illustrated unusually well in an article in the New Republic on March 24, entitled Confessions of an Ex-Psychoanalyst.

In my opening paragraph I have stressed, in summary fashion, the remarkable spread of the analytic theories. In a sense I have stated the analytic advance in reverse order. The popularizing of psychoanalysis came last, not first. Its adoption by scientific men was not immediate, however. It was questioned and debated and argued, often heatedly, but nevertheless science finally took it on.

Now then, it must have been at just about that time, when the theories of analysis were being tested, that the gentleman who wrote the Confession article attempted to test them out for himself.

I say attempted to test out the theories because it is apparent that not only was he working at a time when all of us were experimenting more or less, but he seems to have felt exceedingly uncertain about both theory and method.

Psychoanalysis today is not what it was then. Childhood shocks do not have the same kind of importance as formerly, the free association method has been elaborated and refined, symbols no longer have a stereotyped value and interpretation, the technique of dream analysis is altered, and so on. Space and time forbid my expansion of these and other points of difference. But obviously, it is unfair to criticize present-day psychoanalysis from data gathered, let us say, ten years ago.

Not a word does the gentleman say about having been analyzed himself. That, if nothing else, reveals his failure to grasp the significance of the method. No one can consider himself competent to analyze others until he has been analyzed himself by some other analyst. Only then can he hope to relieve himself of his own prejudices so that he may objectively and impartially analyze other people. The analyzed analyst is absolutely the sine qua non of the whole doctrine.

I venture to suggest that had Mr. Anonymous himself been analyzed he would have avoided the suspicions of his wife regarding his relationship with his patients, would never have been troubled by the patients "who would ring (him) up at all hours of the day and night on the pretense of an urgent need of his reassuring voice," nor would "some of his patients have become jealous of each other in relation to his time and attention."

I don't doubt that Mr. Anonymous got himself into trouble that way nor do I doubt that had he been proficient in analytic technique, especially in the problem of transference, he would readily have avoided it. He goes on to say: "And the worst of it was that I knew of no technique within the sphere of analysis to undo the work of transference." It is plain that this gentleman was unfamiliar with the literature.

I have been analyzing for many years and I have never had patients behave that way about me. Nor have I ever heard of any other analyst complaining that way. One must establish transference in analysis, but as the analysis proceeds and one discovers the complexes and brings them into conscious recognition, the most likely problem is not one of transference, but one of resistance. But, anyway, transference is not love. It is a "sympatico" relationship through which the patient is willing to unburden and be helped and nothing more. Should it become love the analysis would automatically stop. No woman who is in love with her analyst will continue to reveal her real inner self to him. And no woman will fall in love if the analyst knows his job, which means that the analytic procedure is anything but pleasing and flattering to the patient.

In one place the gentleman talks of Freud and Jung as though they stood for the same theories. As a matter of fact, Jung discounts the unconscious and his method is largely one of conscious reorganization. Jung, in the strict sense of the word, is no psychoanalyst at all.

I don't wonder that this gentleman asked himself "with recurrent spasms of apprehension: Can I promise a cure in any circumstances?" He certainly could not with the methods he was using. He states in the beginning of the article: "A very great deal of analytic practice is really no more than confidential consultation followed by sage counsel." Yes, that is exactly what Mr. Anonymous's analyses consisted of—no more, no less. And it helps in certain cases, too! Only that is not psychoanalysis and it will never reach repressions and unconscious mechanisms and will never cure the mental torture that a neurotic suffers. Such conscious catharsis can be practiced by anyone with common horse sense. But that variety of kindly, patient sympathy is just the thing that makes transference and love synonymous terms.

"Nor, may I add, was much confidence to be derived from discussion with my analytic confrères. The same dream would often receive as many interpretations as there were interpreters present," says the writer of the article. Of course—naturally! The only way one can interpret

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a dream is by means of the free associations of the dreamer himself and no one else. Each one of his confrères undoubtedly interpreted the same dream in the light of his own repressions with the result that there were as many different interpretations as there were different personalities. The most important person, the dreamer himself, appears to have been somewhat ignored.

Again, "it was hopelessly impossible to be certain of my deductions from the fragmentary and incoherent manifestations of my patient's 'unconscious.'" Yet every analyst knows that fragmentary dreams are the most valuable of all because of the great repression that has taken place to make them incoherent and fragmentary. It is these very little bits that show the battle scars of censorship.

Mr. Anonymous states that he and his partner "decided to turn from our ordinary practice of medicine to analysis." Frankly, and with apologies, I wonder what kind of practice of medicine it could have been. How a man with a medical training can couple a psychosis (insanity) like mania with a neurotic symptom like phobia (fear) is beyond my comprehension. Since he states that he turned from the practice of medicine I must needs believe that this writer is a bona fide M. D.

Nevertheless, people should not turn from general medicine to psychoanalysis anyway. The best training for an analyst is first to become an M. D. and later to specialize in neurology and psychiatry.

I am afraid I must draw these lines to a close, much as I regret it. I feel deeply the validity of the psychoanalytic theories and I know from experience that there are types of cases no other method can possibly cure or improve. I have tried them all. When one has seen patients tortured unbelievably from obsessions and what-not that render their lives a burden and a misery, and nothing helps except psychoanalysis, it is perhaps understandable that one should wish to rise in defense of this system that can accomplish such wonderful results if properly done.

Psychoanalysis does not pretend to cure every case—neither does any other method. Nor can everyone be analyzed. The skilled analyst knows which are favorable subjects and which are not, and nobody but a skilled analyst has any business to analyze at all.

In conclusion I might say that were there any other method I could use in my practice of neuropsychiatry that would give equally satisfactory results I would welcome it and embrace it gladly. Why? Because psychoanalysis does not pay as well as the other medical specialties. *That* is *my* confession!

LOUIS E. BISCH, M. D.

SIR: I have no wish to indulge in a prolonged controversy concerning either my modest Confessions or the general subject of psychoanalysis. In any case I am afraid that it would be useless since it seems that the fashionable contention among analysts of the current crop is that only the analyzed have the right to practice or discuss analysis. As nothing would induce me to submit myself to psychoanalysis, my case, it is plain, would be lost, in their court, from the start. All my years of practice—practicing, that is to say, and experience—or, more truthfully, experiment—all my study and attendance at seminars when psychoanalysis was in its infantile libido stage—all this goes for nothing with the psychoanalyst of today. "You have not been analyzed! You haven't the union ticket! Hands have not been laid on you!" In short, all the usual features of the closed professional mind are once again exemplified.

Seriously, though, what is there in this charge of not having been analyzed? Is analysis an operation comparable to a surgical operation, as is often suggested? On the contrary, in my confessional judgment the comparison is wholly and, I fear, disingenuously misleading; there are practically no points of resemblance; and all that is sought in the comparison is favored for analysis. What would be said, for example, of a surgical operation that was effective only conditionally upon being performed by a particular surgeon belonging to a particular school and in a particular year? And more especially if it were found necessary *to repeat the operation annually?* Yet that appears to be the case of your correspondents who have objected to my Confessions that I was not properly analyzed. Jung, for instance, is not competent to analyze nowadays, though previously he was fully competent while he was a disciple of Freud. Freud, again, though to the best of my reason and knowledge he was never himself completely analyzed—for who could analyze Freud save one of his own pupils?—has limits to his time if not to his ability. Besides, he is not immortal! Who, then, if Jung is not, and Freud cannot always and for everybody be the competent analyst, is the privileged pontiff of psychoanalysis whose seal alone is genuine? By their infantile fixation on Father Freud I suggest that the psychoanalysts of today are putting themselves in need of an everlasting analysis. Admittedly, moreover, even analysis by Freud is not complete for good and all. Jung may be left to his Bluebeard's chamber of recurrent attacks of unsublimable transferences, but even Freud's analysees must or, at any rate, do find it irresistible, to repeat the treatment occasionally. Whether this periodic excursion to Vienna is in the interests of personal or professional health I will not venture to judge; but certain it is that the more frequent and recent the analyses by Freud, the louder the claim of the analyst to be up-to-date. Analyses, in short, even by Freud himself, differ in value like cars and vintages; and I confidently expect to hear analysts boast of having been analyzed x times by Freud including the vintage year of 1925 or 1926. It sounds to my disillusioned ears extremely silly, but my consolation is that such absurdities will hasten the end of a misadventure in psychotherapy.

YOUR CONFESSOR.

Compulsory Military Training

SIR: In the editorial comment on the discontinuance of compulsory military training at Boston University, in your issue of May 5, you say: "In other words, once students are not forced to take military training, the much-vaunted value of the work as preparation for life in general is not sufficiently evident to make them willing to sign up for it."

Would it not have been fairer to the merits of the question to have remarked that this holds equally of all forms of physical education in American colleges, and that as regards military training it holds only of the infantry service?

Cambridge, Mass. RALPH BARTON PERRY.

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A Key to the New World

Education and the Good Life, by Bertrand Russell. New York: Boni and Liveright. 319 pages. $2.50.

THERE are many who ridicule American faith in education, calling it a religion, which it often is, but treating it as a peculiarly jejune form of superstition. Yet it need not be superstitious, unless all faith in the possibility of a world better than that in which we live be condemned as unreasonable. Such condemnation seems to be itself peculiarly dogmatic. For until we have tried seriously and systematically (and I think only a few zealots would hold that mankind has yet tried intelligently and patiently) we do not and cannot know how far the world can be made a better and sweeter place in which to live. We may, indeed, mistake the object of our faith, and take something to be education which is not a proper object of devotion. But until all aspiration for something better and all faith in future possibilities have been eliminated from human beings, I know of no kind of faith in the undemonstrated as reasonable and as gracious as that which centres our hopes and ambitions in the possibilities to be achieved by education. Till mankind is wholly cynical from defeat this faith will always burn afresh.

I call Mr. Bertrand Russell's book a fine contribution to the literature of education as religion. Toward its conclusion he says: "I have now tried to bring before the reader the wonderful possibilities which are now open to us. Think what it would mean: health, freedom, happiness, kindness, intelligence, all nearly universal. In one generation, if we chose, we could bring the millennium." The conviction, even if stopped somewhat short of anticipating the millennium, is the more striking because of its contrast with the spirit which animated some of Mr. Russell's writings during and immediately after the War. One could appreciate, indeed, in the very bitterness of what sounded like cynical pessimism the note of a thwarted idealism: if he had not cared so much, if he had possessed the ordinary degree of polite indifference, his disappointment with man would not have found so harsh an outlet. In this book, the flame of hope burns again with a steady and clear light.

Since Mr. Russell himself mentions repeatedly the fact that he has two young children, it is not, I hope, an impertinence to connect his renewal of faith with that most astounding of all human experiences, the renewing of life in the young. Volumes, I suppose, have been written about the renewal of vegetable life in the round of the seasons. Such renewal is casual, intermittent and trivial compared with that taking place every time a human birth occurs. This birth is the eternal reminder of the possibility of a new and different world; and though as time goes by the hope is frustrated and the tragedy of dissipation, so much greater than the obvious tragedy of direct defeat, recurs, yet the promise constantly returns. A new life, a life as yet one of potentiality, will signify to man the possibility of a different world until all hope dies from the human breast. Were it not for the fact that Bernard Shaw had himself no children, I should always have marveled at the limitations he has displayed in the treatment of the relation of elders and youth. There is enough of cruelty and misunderstanding to be sure between them, but I do not recall a single intimation on his part that the relation between them can be other than one of veiled indifference or polite indifference. Yet it is one of the happiest and most intellectually stimulating to be found anywhere in life. There is beauty and joy in watching the growth of a plant, the putting forth of a flower, the development of a work of art or a scientific research. Yet none of these exceeds the healthy joy, the play of varied curiosity, the drama of suspense and change, that accompanies the gradual awakening of a human life.

I should, however, probably do Mr. Russell a disservice if I continued in this strain. For the chief characteristic of his book is its enlightened empirical common sense. There are no far-reaching generalizations in it, no attempt at an underlying scientific or philosophic groundwork. It is rather a series of comments and homilies upon a large diversity of topics, with almost a minimum of generalized theorizing—apart from its unflagging faith in the union of knowledge and affection. The book is in the best English tradition. Though more than two hundred years have intervened between John Locke on education and the present book, one who knows his Locke can hardly fail to be reminded on almost every page of the latter. There is the same trust in reasonableness and freedom, in mutual confidence, in the sure response of children to intelligent, affectionate treatment; the same aversion to pampering and coddling; the same insistence upon the value of curiosity and the necessity for not checking it; the pervading belief that if a child is constantly confronted with facts which he cannot dodge he will form his opinions objectively, and that his relapse into wishful thinking and fantasy is always to be put at the door of some adult who has encouraged him in forming this habit. Aside from differences made by the advance of science since Locke's day and the growth of democracy, the only outstanding difference is that Mr. Russell's book shows an æsthetic sensitiveness which Locke, if he had it, successfully covered up.

Fidelity to the English tradition is seen in the fact that eleven of the nineteen chapters are given to the education of character. Under this head are chapters on The First Year, Fear, Play and Fancy, Constructiveness, Selfishness and Property, Truthfulness, Punishment, Importance of Other Children, Affection and Sympathy, Sex Education, the Nursery School. The enlightened common sense of the book may be indicated by a quotation from the first of these chapters: "Do not let the child feel fear if you can possibly help it. If it is ill, and you are anxious, hide your anxiety very carefully, lest it should pass to the child by suggestion. Avoid everything that might produce excitement. And do not minister to the child's self-importance by letting it see that you mind if it does not sleep or eat or evacuate as it should. . . . Never let the child think that a necessary normal action, such as eating which ought to be a pleasure, is something that you desire, and that you want it to do so to please you. If you do, the child soon perceives that it has acquired a new source of power, and expects to be coaxed into actions which it ought to perform spontaneously"—the last being a truly Lockeian touch. The chapter on Fear emphasizes a point which pervades the whole book: the loss and maiming that comes to life in all its forms at present from the presence of habits of fear so ingrained as for the most part to have become unconscious. The chapter on Play and Fancy indicates the pervasive sense of inferiority in children, and the reliance upon play and fancy by children as a means of developing compensatory sense of power. Taken in connection with the chapter on Affection and Sympathy a reader open to conviction may derive a knowledge of what is useful and what is not for the parent in current Freudianism. There is a kind of unbaked radicalism preva-

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lent which compels half-educated persons to think that anything and everything which has a radical flavor must perforce be true. Mr. Russell's reputation for "radicalism" may give weight to his words when he says that the attempt to find sex symbolism in children's play is "utter moonshine," and when he denies, except for rare morbid cases, the existence of the much touted Œdipus complex in the relation of parents and children. He wisely remarks that because Freudians have failed to recognize the instinctive differences in the affection of husband and wife, parents for children and children for parents, they have been rendered, in a sense, ascetics as regards the relations of parents and children. Certainly as far as most American families are concerned, it is the desire for power on one hand and the desire on the other hand for being recognized as individuals who count for something in their own behalf, which is the ultimate root of most difficulties between children and parents.

If I pass over the introductory chapters which deal with general principles and the concluding chapters which discuss Intellectual Education, it is not because they do not contain much of value, stated in a forcefully clear manner. But upon fundamentals there is perhaps nothing new to be said about education, and Mr. Russell does not strain after originality. He is content with good sense illuminatingly uttered. The book is addressed to parents, rather than to teachers and professed "educationists," and parents dealing with younger children in the home will profit most from the book. That a man of Mr. Russell's standing should have perceived that it is worth while to devote himself to studying the life of little children and the way in which that life may be rendered fruitful is something at which to rejoice. That fact, even more than any special words of wisdom which he has expressed, make the book notable. "It is education that gives us bad qualities, and education that must give us the opposite virtues. Education is the key to the new world." In closing I cannot think of a better summary of the spirit of the book than words which I borrow from a student: "In the past our energies have mainly gone to checking the operations of will instead of to a positive development of those intellectual attitudes which would give human beings command of the activities of the will."

JOHN DEWEY.

The Mutiny

The Other Side of the Medal, by Edward Thompson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 142 pages. $1.50.

DOCTOR THOMPSON'S little book has a significance out of all proportion to its size. Indeed, it may not improbably prove to be the most important contribution in recent years to the criticism of the British dominion in India. In its 120 pages there is contained a terrible arraignment, consisting entirely of the words of British officers of the Mutiny period. They have, as a matter of fact, all been quite easily accessible in the records; but here they are brought together with tremendous effect, the task having been accomplished with noteworthy restraint and economy of words.

Writing with the experience of many years' close association with Indians, Doctor Thompson begins by calling attention to two facts which are frequently cited by Anglo-Indians as convincing evidence of Oriental insensitiveness. They are: first, that the great benefits conferred upon the country by British rule have not moved the Indians to measurable gratitude; and secondly, that the educated Indian remains essentially irreconcilable. Many Englishmen, he says, have pushed hard at the barrier between the two races, only to realize that "they have gone through a curtain painted like a wall, to find the real wall, granite and immovable, behind." What is the explanation? Is there any one cause to be discerned? Doctor Thompson answers that it is to be sought in the Indian memory, which, like the memory of all subject peoples, is long and tenacious. He insists that India holds against us in particular the record of one awful series of events: namely, those connected with the vengeance that was exacted for the Mutiny. The nature of that vengeance is displayed in all the contemporary narratives. It was set forth, and gloried in, by the now incredible warrior-saints of the Victorian age, from Herbert Edwardes, whom Ruskin admired, and John Lawrence and John Nicholson, adored by all England, to the young lieutenant Frederick Roberts, who was destined to become the typical Christian veteran of England a generation later.

Doctor Thompson holds that the revolt of 1857 was not merely a mutiny of Sepoy regiments, but bore the character of a national uprising. It was provoked by the harsh punishment at Meerut of 85 Sepoys for refusing to handle the cartridges greased with animal fat—a punishment called by Lord Canning, the Governor-General, "a folly that is inconceivable." Before the occurrence of such horrors as the well at Cawnpore, British commanders had entered upon the policy of unremitting frightfulness. Not content with the shooting of mutineers and suspects, they gave orders for indiscriminate killing, for the burning of villages, the most shocking forms of torture and humiliation, and measures of terrorism against people who, so far from being in league with the mutineers, were known by their acts to be friendly to the ruling Power. Careful proof of all his statements is submitted by Doctor Thompson. He does not make use of a single hostile Indian witness. His authorities are the standard histories of the Mutiny—Kaye's and the rest—together with the letters and official papers of the officers responsible, and other eyewitnesses.

We see, for example, John Lawrence writing in cold blood to Herbert Edwardes that he would not advise the blowing from guns of more than one-third of the 120 prisoners at Peshawar. We see Nicholson demanding authority for "the flaying alive, impalement, or burning of the murderers of the women and children at Delhi." He does not think we should refrain from inflicting torture because it is a native custom. We see one high official after another commending the massacres, and in almost every case, with indescribable unction, citing the Old Testament in justification.

Doctor Thompson refrains from recalling the most abominable things done by Neil and other Mutiny Generals; but he quotes at some length from the personal narrative of Frederick Cooper, deputy-commissioner of Amritsar (name of ill-omen then as now), who, at Ujnalla in the Punjab, after a shocking piece of deception, shot nearly 500 men, tied together in batches of ten, in revenge for the lives of two Englishmen. Cooper, with a loathsome self-righteousness, recorded his own exploit as an act of conspicuous public virtue. He thought that his account, "written by the principal actor in the scene himself, might read strangely at home." But, he reflects,

> The Governors of the Punjab are of the true English stamp and mold, and knew that England expected every man to do his duty, and that duty done, thanks them warmly for doing it.

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The true English stamp and mold! "There is a well at Cawnpore," he wrote, "but there is also a well at Ujnalla."

Doctor Thompson tells us that he withheld the book for a long time. He knew that its purpose would be mistaken by his fellow-countrymen, especially in India, and, of course, he foresaw the uses to which it would be put by the enemies of Britain. He released it for publication because of his conviction that knowledge of the deeds done in the Mutiny works on the Indian side as a continuous poison against us, and because of his hope that some action or gesture on the part of British authority may now be possible for the obliteration of a malignant memory. The impressive repudiation of Dyerism six years ago was a valuable step along the line sketched by Doctor Thompson, but we have now to recognize the distressing fact that the successive pro-Dyer demonstrations since 1920 have gone far to restore the Indian belief in what the Indian satirists of yesterday were wont to describe as "the tiger qualities of the British lion."

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

The Queen's Nerves

Letters of Queen Victoria, 1862-1878. Edited by George Earle Buckle. Two vols. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 690 pages. $15.

IN a sense, these two large volumes can tell nothing new. Victoria's character is in a general way understood, and her long comfortable reign afforded no mysteries for popular curiosity to feed upon. Meanwhile, Mr. Strachey has had his say. Nevertheless this collection of documents will be found extremely fascinating, by certain minds at least, if for no other reason than that, circumspectly edited though they are, expurgated and softened and arranged and even royally permitted, they answer every question that could possibly be framed as to the effect on a normal human being of spending a long lifetime within the cage of monarchy. No more exhaustive psychological experiment has ever been conducted than that of seating Victoria on her substantial throne, insuring her against revolution and disaster, and allowing her, during something more than half a century, to express herself on paper constantly, spontaneously, voluminously. Psychologists must therefore find here their own peculiar treasure.

The period now covered is between 1861, when the Prince Consort died, and 1878. The self-portrait resulting from the letters and diary-extracts shows Victoria first as a widow and second as a sovereign. Not that she was in the least lackadaisical as a queen, but that she chose to mourn with an energy truly prodigious. Years after the death of her Angel she was still refusing to appear in public, still exhibiting those "shattered nerves" that quiver and protest so passionately throughout the entire two volumes. Victoria had the frank egoism of a child, she was passionate in feeling and expression, she was determined, even headstrong, and her letters tell all this on every page. Now and then somebody remonstrated with her—a valiant minister, an unsubdued son or daughter. But usually in vain. A person who exploded so readily into italics and thence into capitals in the relatively calm hours of correspondence and diary-keeping must have exploded into something a good deal more formidable in a personal encounter. Being Queen meant having one's own way.

Having her own way was unquestionably simplified by this obstreperous matter of her nerves. The Queen's nerves were of no common calibre. They invite speculation. Nerves were surely not the fashion when the Queen's first began to assert themselves. As an unyielding neurasthenic she must therefore be regarded as something of a pioneer. It is true that the same pages that record her nervous suffering give an impression of exceptional natural vigor, yet if emphasis bears any relation to sincerity, the Queen herself believed thoroughly in her own impairment. It is with an inimitable accent that she wails to her journal and her correspondents. She describes herself as "the poor wretched Queen," "nervous and shrinking." Her nerves are "terribly and increasingly shaken." In 1866 she writes of her "broken health and shattered nerves (every day more and more shattered.") The next year she is again "the poor, nervous, shaken Queen" and she "foresees ere long a complete breakdown of her nervous system."

Yet one cannot fail to notice that frequent as are the references to nerves, they occur no oftener than expressions of displeasure at being thwarted; in fact, that there is an obvious link between the two. At the time of a European muddle in 1863 she writes, indeed she almost screams, to Uncle Leopold of Belgium, that she is *"miserable,* wretched, almost frantic, without my Angel to stand by me and *put* the *others* down, and in their right place!" To the same confidant she protests that her *"greatest sorrow* and trial *since* my misfortune" is that "my dear Lady Augusta (Bruce) at 41, without a previous long attachment, has, most unnecessarily, decided to *marry* (!!)" Scarcely more formal and quite as strongly personal are most of her letters to her ministers. In 1862 she writes Lord Russell with hearty melancholy that "she hopes to see him at Windsor, to which *living grave* she intends to return for a short while next week." In 1866 she unwillingly made the concession to her advisers of agreeing to open Parliament in person, which led her to write passionately to her Prime Minister that the ordeal was a thing "SHE *can* only compare to an execution." Nerves became in fact a way of speaking with her; a weapon to be used in dealing with ministers who presumed to encroach upon her holidays, or (indirectly) with a Sultan expecting royal entertainment; or with the Prince of Wales frivolously planning to attend the races. For when there was no pressure to be resisted or mutiny to be overcome, the royal nerves acquitted themselves remarkably well. The Queen was for instance a passenger on the Alberta when it collided with another yacht that sank immediately. Two lives were lost and a number of persons injured. The royal comment was: "It was a horrible feeling, having to continue our journey and leave these poor people. It was such a lovely evening, and so distressing that it should have been marred in such an awful way. Felt greatly shaken."

But in spite of her militant nerves and her aggressive mourning, the Queen did devote a very great deal of time to the business of being a monarch. "The poor Queen toils from morning till night," as she herself characteristically puts it. One gathers indeed that it would have been quite as convenient for her ministers if she had given a little less time, if she had demanded fewer of her constitutional prerogatives. Was this because the details of government fascinated her? Apparently not. In a letter to the German Crown Princess in 1875 she takes one's breath away by remarking: "You know *how* I dislike political letters and politics in general." What chiefly occasioned her constant vigilance was the fact that she could never thoroughly trust any group of ministers on the question of possible wars; whereas she herself was consistently and admirably determined to use all her influence to prevent conflict both within and without Great Britain. Then, too, she had a not un-

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natural taste for power. She would not forego the privilege of appointing a single ecclesiastic and it did not in the least satisfy her that suave ministers should gently forward to her copies of state letters a day after these had been dispatched.

After the Prince Consort's death, it was Victoria's constant habit to declare that her eyes were fixed on heaven and that she wanted nothing so much as to die. In spite of this, she did not live languidly and her position yielded her many obvious satisfactions. As a queen, she was complacently class-conscious. She had none of the nervousness of the usurper, of the victim of possible conspiracy. Her comment on the death of Lincoln, "I only hope it will not be catching elsewhere," showed of course no actual fear of such contagion. And why, after all, should she exert herself to open Parliament, a mere form, when she was just as authentically a queen at Balmoral as in London, and when her time, beyond the demands made on it by state business, was always more than filled by family matters. When wasn't there a marriage to be arranged—"I must go to London to look over one or two princesses for Affie"—or a wedding to be celebrated or a royal baby to be christened or even a vacant throne to fill?

Of the subordinate portraits that the scene and period yield, none approaches in interest that of Disraeli, the perfect courtier.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

The Dutch School

The National Gallery: the Netherlands, Germany, Spain, by Sir Charles Holmes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 301 pages. $7.50.

EVIDENTLY Sir Charles Holmes supposes that in devoting five-sixths of this volume—for the book is, in fact, Vol. II of his critical study of the National Gallery—to the Netherlandish and German schools he is doing something brave. This is a not unnatural mistake: a few years ago he would have been doing something brave, and the director of a national gallery who is not more than a few years behind the times is something to be thankful for, and something for which we are thankful. As a matter of fact Sir Charles arrives with his book in the very nick of time. The Dutch are coming into fashion; and, human nature being what it is, need I add that the Italians, the Italian primitives at any rate, are going out? In making much of Dutch pictures—portraits, interiors, landscapes, and "conversation pieces," with their humdrum design, anecdotic relation of form to form, and shop-finish, with their desolating verisimilitude and painfully adroit technique—the Director is putting himself in Mr. Roger Fry's old place, and will, unless I mistake, find Mr. Fry marching only a little in front of him.

The reaction was inevitable. The generation of 1900—cuius pars minima fui—which swore by the Byzantines and the Italian primitives and treated the great men of the high Renaissance and after, especially the Dutchmen, with unbecoming and silly contempt, was altogether too high and mighty. We worshipped plastic expression and respected nothing else. "Plastic," I say, lest anyone should suspect me of putting in a good word for Expressionismus—the very antithesis of what we worshipped. Expressionismus—I think the German name best suits the thing—is a disease endemic in the Germanic races and in Central Europe normally rampant. We have plenty of it in England; indeed about this time of year one is sure to see in the shops examples, treating of Elfland and suchlike, not essentially inferior to the masterpieces of Klee. The expression we were in love with was something purely æsthetic. Take the difference between the slightest arabesque intentionally drawn by an artist, and the amusing smudge made on the ceiling by a sooty lamp, raise that difference to the nth, and you will understand what it was. And in oriental art, or, nearer home, in romanesque sculpture and architecture, in Byzantine mosaics and Italian primitives, we found it.

By the ferocious young of the rising generation I have heard the paintings of the Italian primitives described as "mere colored drawings." Paint—oil-paint—is what they want; and from the Dutch, God knows, they get it. Whereas we, when we wished to make ourselves pleasant, used to say of a picture, "C'est très senti"; they mutter, "C'est de la peinture." And I suppose the works of Terborch are that. Painters, in fact, are sick of discovering that very few, and those few only in moments of inspiration, are artists. At least one in fifty stands a chance of being a craftsman, and of being it most of the time.

Credette Cimabue nella pittura
tener lo campo, ed ora ha Hooch il grido.

Sir Charles's book comes at the right moment: yet is it far less readable than the first volume, on the Italian school. And the reason is, I fancy, that Sir Charles, too, is a little bored by the men he came to bless. Hubert Van Eyck (what there is of him), some minor fraction of Rembrandt's vast output, a few pictures by Vermeer (who, if we may trust the experts, produced some sad stuff, too), and much, very much, of Rubens, we all admire. Of these artists, when artists they are, I hope even I am capable of appreciating the greatness. Yet I must confess I would give the whole school, and the Germans to boot, for one wall of the chapel at Padua, or of the chancel at Arezzo. What is more, I believe Sir Charles in his heart agrees. I believe that is why those interludes of theorizing, which in the first volume seemed full of pith and purpose, in this seem forced and trivial. Something by way of theory—æsthetic theory—there had to be: but the Director's heart was not in it when the best he could find to play with was the hypothesis that, because in Holland the winter is long and dark, Dutch amateurs insisted on having cheerful, accurate pictures to recall happy, holiday haunts. It may be true. They had no Kodaks. But if true, what becomes of that Art Sir Charles set out to commend? If he could find no more flattering hypothesis to open with, must he not feel about his subject much as I do?

Certainly he feels that he is dragging us into a world very different from that to which his first volume bore us. It is a world in which, without a touch of bathos or irony, one can speak of "stately full-length figures of Saints standing erect in landscapes which Bouts himself could not surpass"; a world in which so scholarly a writer as Sir Charles Holmes thinks nothing of saying "no less unique"; a world in which a stay of two hundred pages induces so sore a sense of weariness and irritation that the panegyrist himself at last lets fly the opinion that "three or four small landscapes by Matthew Maris . . . deserve a place with the best things of the kind which seventeenth-century Holland gave us." Not in my deepest moments of distress, in the heart of the Peel collection, have I so far forgot myself.

CLIVE BELL.

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Recent Fiction

Beatrice, by Arthur Schnitzler, translated by Agnes Jacques. New York: Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

BEATRICE is not as interesting as Fraülein Else, either as a story or as a piece of writing, yet there are pages in it which one will remember longer. The effort so often required of an American, the adjustment of himself to something alien and exotic, is here doubly difficult, for though Schnitzler's people live in an emotional climate that is not ours, in almost every other way they are like us, and unusually real people, too. It is possible and delightful to believe in Beatrice and her son, and the son's friend who is her lover, separately, but not as partners in this particular situation. Either the situation does not quite fit the people, or they, in the writing, outgrew the requirements of the situation. The story, lurid in contemplation and dull to read, comes apart, and the people break away from their moorings. They are good, but by no means of his best.

M. H.

The Unknown Goddess, by Ruth Cross. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

TEXAS is a large state with room for several schools of fiction. It is difficult to think of the dissolving feudalism in the semi-tropical landscape of Miss Scarborough's Land of Cotton, or still more of the elemental human relations on the dry plains of the north in her fine novel The Wind, as belonging under the same geographical expression which denotes Miss Ruth Cross's stories of social striving, The Unknown Goddess, and The Golden Cocoon, wherein her characters are transported from the village of Laws Chapel, in the black earth country, to the culture of Charleston, or Austin, or Dallas. Miss Cross's novels reflect the largeness of her natural background and the loose-meshed society which spreads across it. She is prodigal of material, both of real and imagined experience. In both her novels, unfortunately, she seems to tire of the rigors of reality and turns to the easier way. But in The Unknown Goddess the real is pushed farther and the author's grasp on it is firmer. It has episodes and figures which the frame of fiction cannot falsify.

R. M. L.

The Housemaid, by Naomi Royde-Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THOSE who delighted in The Tortoise-Shell Cat will be disappointed in The Housemaid. The scheme of the latter is more ambitious, with two groups of characters, representing master class and servants, connected by filaments of chance association. The connection, however, is mere gratuitous coincidence which we could excuse the author for not mentioning at all. The interest in this union of two disparate elements is in the contrast between the love story of Michael Sherlock, with all the fittings of upper class romance, and a pretentious background of Central American antiquarianism to boot, and that of John Page simple, moving and true. But this opposition does not arise naturally out of the situation, as for example in The Old Wives' Tale, but is obviously willed by the novelist—and resented by readers who dislike arbitrary treatment.

R. M. L.

Uprooted, by Brand Whitlock. New York: D. H. Appleton and Company. $2.

MR. WHITLOCK'S novel pretends to rather more than it achieves. Much is packed into the title, and we are promised a good deal of the psychology of Americans too long taken from their native soil. But what we are given to understand is going to be important turns out trivial and commonplace. The flavor of Europe is faintly second-hand, in spite of the fact that Mr. Whitlock has seen everything he is talking about. The hero is tiresome and probably not even a good painter, though the author assures us that he is. Only the girl, and she only at moments, makes even the faintest claim upon our affection.

M. H.

The Piper's Fee, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

ONE of the pleasantest novels of the year (or the month—it comes to the same thing), and one of the most promising in its early pages. It never actually disappoints, but something of the careful charm, hung midway between the real and the fantastic, diminishes as we go on. It may be our own increasing familiarity; more likely it is that Mr. Adams's plot and the ending necessary to it clutch at it prematurely and drink imperceptibly its life's blood away. The girl is very much of a person; as a character, fresh, unspoiled and delicately aloof from her author and from us. Contact with her fellow characters gradually brushes the bloom from her cheeks, and toward its close The Piper's Fee is just another pretty good novel.

M. H.

The Splendid Shilling, by Idwal Jones. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

THOSE who enjoy the comic opera school of literature will find a plum in every paragraph of The Splendid Shilling. Guy Puncheon, the son of a black Welshman and a gypsy Queen, has fallen in love with a Welsh maid, who is whisked away to California and the gold-fields. Guy, of course, sets out in pursuit. On a moment's notice he excels as a woodsman, a tramp, an actor, a singer, a sailor, a miner and a gentleman. He clears a thousand miles as lightly as Douglas Fairbanks leaps on a galloping horse. He can fight, curse, work and talk better than any bully on the road. Coincidences spring up wherever he plants his agile feet, and fortunes tumble into his hand. Eccentric characters, beldames, leering crones and mad women are thick as mosquitoes. In the little matter of his relations with the ladies, this adventurer, who was familiar from childhood with every obscenity in three languages, would have made Galahad feel gross. And as for chivalry! Well—after three hundred pages in pursuit of Danzel, my dears, he finds her in love with another man! He arrives in time, however, to defend his hated rival from the fury of a lynching mob (applause), and then commits a felony to release this rival from jail. After this there is nothing to do but kiss the hand of his faithless love and disappear into the night. All of this in a prose more luscious than sensitive.

L. S. M.

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The Devil, by Leo Tolstoy. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

THE DEVIL is introduced to us as "the most important unpublished story by the author of Anna Karenina." Very likely this is true, but as the other unpublished stories by the author of What Is Art? have not yet been published, we can't be sure. Compared with Tolstoy's best, this account of a young landowner who takes a peasant mistress "for his health," only to find he cannot expel her from his mind or his life after he is married, is both barren and heavy, and pushed as if uphill with a leaden conscientiousness which hints that the story was less interesting to its author than its moral. Even as to that, Tolstoy does not seem sure, for there are alternative endings. In one, the landowner kills the woman, in the other, himself. In reality he would probably have done neither, but compromised between wife and mistress. Possibly Tolstoy suspected as much, for both endings are undecisive and unconvincing. This is not a notable exhumation, but almost everything Tolstoy wrote is worth reading, if not for its own sake, then for what it tells us about him. And if contrasted with a lot of passable things written today, The Devil is a remarkable piece of work. Even when the giant is asleep or stumbles, the pygmies are pygmies still.

M. H.

The Baseless Fabric, by Helen Simpson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE stories in this volume will not give much pleasure to the literal-minded, but more sophisticated readers will enjoy them and, incidentally, will be glad to find a writer who sketches charming people so much more charmingly than does the famous Mr. Arlen. Miss Simpson is interested in the subtle but relentless influence which surroundings and unconscious imagination often have upon people's lives, for this influence usually results in happenings just beyond the range of rational explanation. Perhaps her best story is Teigne, which shows retribution overtaking a Jewish art dealer, a lover of beauty, for his one sin against it. Not all of the stories are quite so successful. For instance, in The Rite, despite the elaborately arranged forest setting, one feels that Len's decision could have been reached equally well in her mother's kitchen. Miss Simpson's style has simplicity and restraint, and occasionally achieves a placid beauty.

C. E. Y.

Contributors

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